

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIV. }

No. 1660. — April 1, 1876.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXIX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## HIS LOVE WILL CARRY ME, ETC.

### HIS LOVE WILL CARRY ME.

THOUGH from my gaze earth's light is fading  
fast,

Yet from the gathering darkness doth arise  
A land, in solemn beauty unsurpassed,  
Opening before mine eyes.

I see the goodly city clearer grow,  
With jasper walls and pearl gates opening  
wide;

Lo! from its towers a heavenly strain doth  
flow,  
And over me doth glide.

There dwell the saints of old, who yearned to  
see

Those tearless mansions! and through fiery  
flame  
Have passed triumphant, bearing willingly  
The cross for His dear name.

And other blessed sights I see, too fair  
For mortal tongue to say: the voice grows  
cold,

And vainly tries those glories to declare,  
Which now to me unfold!

But fairest, brightest to mine eye doth rise  
The Lamb once slain, in glorious beauty  
crowned;

Wiping away the tears from weeping eyes,  
Healing His people's wound.

There, O beloved ones, my place shall be,  
Close by His side, in deepest love to sweep  
My golden harp-strings through eternity  
In songs so full and deep!

Say, would ye wish me back again from this  
All-blessed life? nay, let your tears cease;  
He calleth me at last to rest and bliss,  
Let me depart in peace.

Golden Hour.

### THE OLD FRIENDS.

WHERE are they scattered now,

The old, old friends?

One made her dwelling where the maples glow,  
And mighty streams through solemn forests  
flow,

But never, from that pine-crowned land of  
snow,

A message sends.

Some meet me oft amid

Life's common ways;

And then, perchance, a word or smile declares  
That warm hearts throb beneath their load of  
cares;

For love grows on, like wheat among the tares,  
Till harvest days.

"But some are fall'n asleep;"

The words are sweet!

Oh, friends at rest beneath the blessed sod,  
My feet still tread the weary road ye trod  
Ere yet your loving souls went back to God!—  
When shall we meet?

Oh, thou divinest Friend,

When shall it be

That I may know them in their garments  
white?

And see them with a new and clearer sight,  
Mine old familiar friends—made fair and  
bright,

Like unto Thee!

Sunday Magazine.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

\* 1 Corinthians xv. 6.

VIOLET delicate, sweet,  
Down in the deep of the wood,  
Hid in thy still retreat,  
Far from the sound of the street,  
Man and his merciless mood:—

Safe from the storm and the heat,  
Breathing of beauty and good  
Fragrantly, under thy hood  
Violet.

Beautiful maid, discreet,  
Where is the mate that is meet,  
Meet for thee—strive as he could—  
Yet will I kneel at thy feet,  
Fearing another one should,

VIOLET!

Spectator.

W. C. MONKHOUSE.

ROSE, in the hedgerow grown,  
Where the scent of the fresh sweet hay  
Comes up from the fields new-mown,  
You know it—you know it—alone,  
So I gather you here to-day!

For here—was it not here, say?—  
That she came by the woodland way,  
And my heart with a hope unknown  
Rose?

Ah, yes!—with her bright hair blown,  
And her eyes like the skies of May,  
And her steps like the rose-leaves strown  
When the winds in the rose-trees play,—  
It was here,—O my love, my own

ROSE!

Spectator.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A CENTURY OF GREAT POETS, FROM 1750  
DOWNWARDS.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

THERE is perhaps no task more difficult for an English critic than that of apportioning its just place to the poetry of France. It is a curious fact, that of all the hasty judgments we are so apt to form, and of all the mistakes we are so apt to make in respect to foreign nations, the most hasty judgments and the most inexcusable mistakes are those which we fall into about our nearest neighbours. Though we know her language better than any other foreign language, recognizing it still as the easiest medium of intercourse with the Continent generally — though we see more of France, and are nearer to her than to any other foreign nation — there are no such obstinate fallacies, no such vigorous prejudices among us as those which survive all contradiction in respect to our traditionary enemy. It is true, indeed, that almost within our own recollection — and among the ignorant up to the present day — the same national prejudice, touched into sharper life by the spitefulness of near neighbourhood, existed between England and Scotland, and with still stronger force between Ireland and the other members of the Britannic kingdom. Vicinity itself thus confers, instead of greater friendliness, a sharper sense of opposition. We make the defects, real or imaginary, of our neighbour, a foil to our own excellences, and feel it a personal affront done to ourselves, when the delightful darkness of the background upon which our own virtues are so pleasantly relieved, is broken up by embarrassing facts and the charitable light of genuine information. In respect to France, there is in England a very wide-spread feeling, that in every quarrel in which she engages, in every difficulty that hampers her career, she must, as a foregone conclusion, be in the wrong. She is to us, among nations, the dog that has an ill name — the man that cannot look over the fence, though another may steal the horse. Germany, and even Italy (though she, being Latin, is suspicious also), may have a chance of being judged upon the facts of their story;

but France we condemn at once, without the trouble of a trial. Every party effort with her is a conspiracy, every political combination an intrigue. Other nations we cannot pretend to much knowledge of; and perhaps only Mr. Grant Duff, or some other such omniscient personage, can venture to decide as to what is wise and what unwise in respect to a political move at Vienna, or even in Berlin. But of Paris we all know enough to know that everything is wrong. Even the small but eager class which, with all the fervour of partisanship, maintains even in England the glory of France against all assaults, does so with a violence which betrays its sense of weakness. Its very heat involves a distrust of its cause, and even of its own convictions. Whether France returns this feeling with any special warmth we are doubtful. The English name and fame attracts so little love on the Continent generally, that it is difficult to identify the spot where we are least beloved; and we do not think that we have been able to trace any darker shade of dislike in France than in other places. But to us our nearest neighbour is certainly the most generally disapproved, the least amiably regarded. The prejudice is not amiable, but we suppose it is natural enough.

French literature has in many of its branches entirely triumphed over this prejudice. We cannot refuse to give its due place to one of the richest and most varied developments of national genius which modern times have produced. In the one particular of poetry, however, we have need to divest ourselves as carefully as possible of every shade of prejudice — for the question is sufficiently difficult without any prepossession to fight against. We repeat the sentiment with which we began, that of all literary tasks for an English critic, that of giving to the poetry of France its just place is about the most difficult. Our own indifference to literary law, and the formal correctness both of expression and construction which are so important in France, build barriers between us which it is almost impossible to cross; and those special garments in which the French muse delights to dress herself have no charm for us — rather the

reverse. The monotonous regularity of the Alexandrine verse, the heavy and rigid cadence of the perpetual couplet, have upon ourselves individually a stupefying effect which it is almost impossible to surmount. The ear is so filled with this trick of sound, bewildering, deadening as the hammering of machinery, that it is only with a powerful effort that we are able to rouse ourselves to the sentiment which it conveys. From the beginning we find ourselves involved in a struggle to separate the meaning and poetic soul of the verse from its outward form — a struggle which is as hard as all other struggles to keep body and soul apart, and to understand the heavenly without, or in spite of, the earthly. Something of the same sentiment, in a reverse sense, affects us with some Italian verse, in which we are so apt to be carried away by the melody at once liquid and sonorous of the mere words, that the soul has a tendency to escape us in sheer delight of the ear, as with a piece of music. Some of our own poets — notably, for example, Shelley — have a similar effect upon us, the combination of words being so exquisite as to steal away our interest in the subject. But the effect of French poetical composition is to deaden the mind, not by satisfying, but by irritating the ear. The waves on the sea-shore are no doubt as regular in their ebb and flow as are all the other processes of nature; but how different from their wild, interrupted, and broken harmonies would be the regular and crisp accentuation of a succession of short waves always the same, balanced to a nicety, and ruled to one correct line by some authority more potent than that of Canute! Poetry, to our thinking, can triumph more easily over an imperfect medium, winning an additional charm from the very simplicity of her tools, than she can overcome the disadvantage of a too perfect tongue, a mode of expression which permits no self-forgetfulness. Thus the very qualities which make French prose so exquisite, and which give to French conversation a brilliancy and grace which no other language approaches, conspire to weaken their poetry, and repress the genius which would naturally express itself in that way.

The French writer who makes *des vers* is at once distinguished, by the very term he employs to identify his work, from the poet in other languages. His lines, according as they approach perfection, become more and more like a succession of crystals, shining each with its own individual and carefully polished facets. They form, if you will, a chaplet, a rosary, a necklace of pearls and diamonds beautifully linked into decorative but artificial unity, yet possessing no common life, forming no "thing of beauty," and capable of dropping into pieces at any moment. The sharp if often sweet, and sometimes resounding and sonorous ring with which one polished bead falls after another, as you drop them through your fingers, is opposed to all passionate expression, and admits of no absolute continuity. No man can be transported out of himself, can be carried away by that divine impulse which transforms language, and rules it with absolute sway, so long as he has to pick his way daintily among the inexorable words which command his attention in the first place, and to which he is compelled to adopt his meaning, not them to it, but it to them. The French poet is thus more or less in the position of a librettist of the opera. Scarcely less tremendous than the bondage of the music to which that humblest of literary functionaries has to supply words of sentiment or passion, is the bondage of the *vers*. If in the fervour of his inspiration he breaks upon the serried lines, ventures a novel phrase, an unreceived metre, the Academy from Olympian heights frowns ruin upon the audacious rebel; and the most curious part of all is that he himself bows to this bondage, and that the laws of literature are perhaps the only laws, and the despotism of the Academy the only monarchy, against which France has never shown any symptoms of rebellious feeling.

There was a time when England also was bound in the terrible fetters of the *vers* — a time to which many still look as the golden age, the Augustan period of literature — and which was no doubt made illustrious by such names as those of Dryden and Pope, though it produced



at the same time how many scrannel pipes once held for divine reeds of the gods and immortal instruments of music, which have long ago ceased to give out the smallest vibration! But against this bondage English genius rebelled conclusively and successfully in an outburst of insurrection which carried all before it. This is the only insurrection which France has never attempted. The restraints which were intolerable to us have agreed with her natural instincts. Except, perhaps, in the person of Alfred de Musset, whom we shall consider hereafter, and whose bolder genius has made for itself a distinct place in French literature, and given to modern French poetry almost its only real grasp upon the contemporary mind of Europe, no Frenchman has lifted any standard of opposition to the prevailing rule. It has suited the national mind, in which there is so curious a mixture of license and submissiveness; and still more it has suited the genius of the language which all Frenchmen have conjoined in elaborating, and of which they have made the most highly cultivated, exact, correct, and brilliant of European tongues. France has pointed and polished her language with the most laborious and the most loving care. Under the vigilant guardianship of her supreme literary authorities, it has grown into almost absolute, if, in the nature of things, somewhat artificial perfection. It is not enough for a French writer to have expressed noble sentiments in a beautiful way—it is not enough for him to convince the intelligence or to touch the heart. The one thing absolutely incumbent upon him, enforced by laws universally accepted, and penalties inexorably exacted, is that he shall be correct. Without this correctness, *point de salut* in art.

From these rules much excellence results, but, we think, little poetry. We have rhetoric, often fine in its way, declamation, eloquence; but poetry has to be the sacrifice, the victim whose immolation secures all this success. She, poor muse, to whom "a sweet neglect" is more essential than to any less ethereal beauty, and whose "robes loosely flowing, hair as free," should, one would think, be protect-

ed by all the chivalry of the arts, walks humble and confined in the classic robes which are shapen for her by authority; or feebly makes-believe to glory in them as if they were her natural choice, according to a well-established natural instinct. It is hard indeed for the learned and classical not to despise more or less the natural and untrained. Even Milton exhibits a certain half-adoring contempt for Shakespeare when he speaks of the "wood-notes wild" of that perverse and undisciplined writer, whose strains the most self-important of critics would scarcely venture nowadays to commend in such moderate measure. A hundred years ago Shakespeare was a barbarous writer to the French critics, as he was to their *dilettante* contemporaries in England. The latter have happily dropped out of all hearing; and France has learned, superficially at least, to know better, and is even somewhat ashamed now, like all incautious critics, of having thus committed herself. But she has never lost, and probably never will lose, her confidence in the justice of her own system. It suits her and the traditions of her fine language. Sharp-cutting logic, keen and sparkling as diamonds, fine antithesis, brilliant epigram, the keenest powers of reasoning, the warmest flow of eloquence are hers; but the language of epigram and antithesis is not the language of poetry. No country boasts a richer literature, but poetry has never been the field of her greatest triumphs.

It is not necessary to go back to the period of Corneille and Racine, both of whom precede our date; nor even to that of Voltaire and Rousseau, which, though reaching down within its limits, yet are separated from the modern world in which we live by that tremendous barrier of the French Revolution, which changed everything. Notwithstanding the numerous fine *vers* which occurs in his dramas, it is impossible to attribute the title of poet to a spirit so little conformed to all that we identify with the poetic temperament, as Voltaire; and though Rousseau is, on the other hand, in some respects the very exaggeration and extravagance of that temperament, the form of his writings does

not allow us to place him on our list. It becomes, therefore, a somewhat difficult matter to choose from modern Frenchmen a representative of poetry. Alfred de Musset will, we have already said, come later; but he represents rather her unique rebel than the regular school of poetry in France. We should have preferred Victor Hugo, as the greater poet and man of larger genius, to Lamartine; but his career is still unaccomplished, a fact which is more to be regretted than rejoiced over, so far as his literary genius is concerned. And in his sphere Béranger is a greater artist, a truer poet than either; but that sphere is too limited, and his productions often too slight in workmanship and too ephemeral in subject, to give him full rank as the representative of art of the highest order. He is a *chansonnier* pure and simple, not to be elevated to the classic dignity of a lyrical poet; and though he is sometimes almost worthy of a place by the side of Burns, the lower level of emotion, the absence of passion, conspicuous in his charming verses, exclude him, not in degree, but in kind, from the highest sphere. We may pause, however, here to remark that, however deficient in the higher qualities of poetry, France remains absolute mistress of the *chanson*. In England the song (except in some very rare cases) has dwindled downward into such imbecility, that bolder musicians have begun to intimate the possibility of dispensing with "words" altogether, and expressing their sentiments, so far as articulation is necessary, by the inane syllables of the sol-fa system,—a tremendous irony, which, if it were intentional, would do more to demolish our lesser songsters than all the bans of literary criticism. The idea is barbarous; but it is partially justified by the nonsense verses which we constantly hear chanted forth in drawing-rooms, to the confusion of all sense and meaning. But the song in France has never dropped to this miserable level. The crisp, gay, sparkling verses—the graceful sentiment, a little artificial, and reminding the hearer, perhaps, of Watteau's wreathed lyres and quaint garden-groups—the captivating peculiarity of the *refrain*—combine to give a certain identity to these charming trifles. They may have no high title to poetic merit, but still they vindicate the claim of the literary voice to have some share in all expression of feeling. It is impossible to treat them as mere "words for music," or to throw them aside for the barbarous jargon of the sol-fa. But yet,

though so much more perfect than anything we possess, this branch of poetic art does not reach the empyrean heights of poetry; and Béranger, though the finest and most perfect of artists in his way, cannot be accepted as a fit impersonation of the poet. We do not venture, in placing the name of Lamartine at the head of our page, to attempt to confer even upon him an equal rank to that of the great singers we have already discussed. All that we can say is, that he is the best modern representative of the higher art in his country on whom we can lay our hand; dignified by high meaning, at least, and endowed with many of those qualities which bulk most largely in the estimation of his race—graceful versification, correct and fine phraseology, and that curious, vague enthusiasm for nature—different as it is possible to imagine from the enthusiasm, for example, of Wordsworth or of our modern school of poets—which the French imagination loves. His life, too, is one in which it is impossible not to feel interest; and though there is much in it, especially towards the end, to rouse a painful pity, and that unwilling contempt which hurts the sensitive soul, there is also much to call forth our admiration and sympathy. At the greatest and most critical moment of his life the poet bore himself like a man, earning, or at least deserving, the gratitude of his country, and the respect and honour of all lookers-on.

Alphonse de Lamartine was born on the edge of the Revolution, in Mâcon, in the year 1790. Of a noble family, some members of which were touched by the revolutionary ferment of the time—moderately touched—uniting the grace of liberal opinions and patriotic zeal to the many other graces of their patrician state,—a union which, however, did not survive the hot days of the Terror. His grandfather was an old French seigneur, possessing many *terres* and *châteaux* in the regions round, and a family hotel at Mâcon, the metropolis of the district, whither he and many other noble personages of the country repaired in winter, in an age when Paris was not everything in France. M. de Lamartine had six children, equally divided—three sons and three daughters—five of whom, according to the extraordinary custom of the time, were born only to extinguish themselves for the sake of the family. The race, according to all its traditions, was destined to flourish and prolong itself only in the person of the eldest son; and the code of family honour enjoined upon the others a contented

acquiescence in their sequestration from all independent life, unless that which could be found in the priesthood or the cloister. The daughters had all adopted a religious life, one of them, however, occupying the more brilliant position of a *chanoinesse*; but they were all driven back to the paternal roof by the Revolution. The second son became a priest, and eventually bishop, obeying the universal law of self-renunciation so, curiously and without outward murmur accepted by these young aristocrats. The third son, M. le Chevalier, was equally destined to annihilate himself for his race; but here a curious *contretemps* intervened to check the family plans. The eldest son, for whose sake and to keep whose fortune intact all these brothers and sisters had to sacrifice themselves, was himself required to complete the sacrifice by giving up the bride he desired, her *dot* not being considered sufficient for the heir of the Lamartines. But some spark of originality existed in this half-revolutionized fine gentleman. To the consternation of everybody concerned, he declined marrying any one except the woman he loved; and lo! in the rigid house of the Lamartines, where every one up to this moment had obeyed his destiny without a murmur, the object of all these renunciations became the first rebel. "*Il dit à son père, 'Il faut marier le chevalier.'*" But the passage in which this extraordinary revolution within a revolution, this family *coup d'état*, is suggested, affords so perfect a sketch of the singular state of society then existing, that we need not apologize to the reader for quoting it entire:—

My father was the youngest of this numerous family. At the age of sixteen he had entered the regiment in which his father had served before him. He was not intended to marry; it was the rule of the time. His lot was to grow old in the modest position of captain, which he attained at an early age; to pass his few months of leave now and then in his father's house; to gain, in the process of time, the Cross of Saint-Louis, which was the end of all ambitions to the provincial gentleman; then, when he grew old, endowed with a small pension from the State, or a still smaller revenue of his own, to vegetate in one of his brother's old *châteaux*, with rooms in the upper storey; to superintend the garden, to shoot with the *curé*, to look after the horses, to play with the children, to make up a party at whist or *trictrac*, the born servant of everybody—a domestic slave, happy in being so, beloved and neglected by all; and thus to complete his life, unknown, without lands, without wife, without descendants, until the

time when age and infirmities confined him to the bare room, on the walls of which his helmet and his old sword were hung, and that day on which everybody in the *château* should be told—M. le Chevalier is dead.

My father was the Chevalier de Lamartine; and this was the life to which he was destined. No doubt his modest and respectful nature would have accepted it with sorrow, but without complaint. An unexpected circumstance, however, changed all at once these arrangements of fate. The eldest brother became hypochondriac. He said to his father, "You must marry the chevalier." All the feelings of family, and the prejudices of habit, rose up in the heart of the old noble against this suggestion. Chevaliers are not intended for marriage. My father was consigned to his regiment. A step so strange, and which was especially repugnant to my grandmother, was put off from year to year. Marry the chevalier! it was monstrous. On the other hand, to allow the family to die out, and the name to become extinct, was a crime against the race.

The chevalier, however, over whose passive head so many discussions were going on, was not long of feeling the exciting influence of the new idea, and allowed thoughts to enter into his mind which, in other circumstances, he would have thrust away from him. One of his sisters was a member of a chapter of noble *chanoinesses*—a kind of *béguinage*, without labour or austerity, in which a select number of noble ladies, each in her "pretty house, surrounded by a little garden," were collected round the chapel in which they said their daily prayers. In winter these elegant nuns—if nuns they could be called—were allowed to pay visits as they pleased among their relatives and friends, and even when assembled in their chapter had evidently a very pretty society among themselves, many being young, and all *tant soit peu mondaine*, elegant, and fond of society. True, they were debarred all male visitors, but with one remarkable exception. The young *chanoinesses* were allowed to receive visits from their brothers, who were permitted to stay with them for a fixed number of days at each visit, and to be presented to their friends in the chapter. This "conciliated everything," as M. de Lamartine says; and thus in the most natural way a few genuine love-matches, rare enough now, still more rare then, were made up from time to time in the pretty half-monastic retirement where girls of fifteen still unprofessed lived under the genial charge of young women of twenty-five, dignified into "madame," by the vows of the order. M. le Chevalier de Lamartine went very often to visit his

sister; perhaps it was the only way in which the pure romances of honest love could have had any existence in the case of a youth and maiden of rank in the France of that day; and here, accordingly, he found his bride. The little romance is charming; but scarcely less interesting is the arrested love-story of the heir. Long after, when M. le Chevalier was the only one married of his family, and the brothers and sisters had all grown old, the bride whom he found in the Chapter of Salles, makes a note in her diary descriptive of the head of the house, the elder brother, whose determination not to marry had made her own marriage possible.

M. de Lamartine, who was intended before the Revolution to be the sole possessor of all the great wealth of the family, loved Mademoiselle de Saint-Huruge, who was not considered sufficiently rich for him. He preferred to remain a bachelor rather than to have the vexation of marrying another. Mademoiselle de Saint-Huruge is too old now to think of marriage. . . . She is good, gentle, pious, interesting. Her features show traces of past beauty, attractive but obscured by sadness. My brother-in-law and she meet every evening at Mâcon in the *salon* of the family, and appear to retain a pure and constant friendship for each other.

How quaint, how touching is this little picture? The great old room half lighted with blazing logs in the great chimney, faded tapestry, faded gilding, beautiful old politeness and manners that do not fade — and the old lovers, for each other's sake unmarried through half a century, meeting every evening, with who can tell what exquisite old sentiment, gossamer link of tenderness unexpressed between them! The society which made such a state of affairs possible, and the curious subjection of soul to the rules of that society, which made even a wealthy heir helpless under the decision of his family is appalling to contemplate; but we do not know if the picture of an old man and wife snug and comfortable, would ever charm us as does this strange little vignette, so full of delicate suggestiveness. Anyhow, it is clear the second sons and daughters of French noble families, the chevaliers and *chanoinesses* of a former day, have little right to grumble at the Revolution.

There is nothing more attractive in all that Lamartine has left behind him than this record of the ancient world as it appeared across his own cradle. In no way could the curious difference between the old time and the new appear more distinctly. The poet makes himself a link

between the generations by this perhaps too often repeated but always delightful story. His many autobiographical self-revelations — revelations which became not only tiresome but pitiful when they treated of the man in the midst of his career and afforded a medium for the pouring forth of much egotism and vanity — do not affect us at all in the same way when they concern the parents, the uncles and aunts, who formed a kind of family council over all the acts of the one male descendant who was to be their heir. The after-life of the poet contains nothing half so touching or so charming as those pictures of his early days which he delighted to make, and in which he is always so happy. We know no poetical biography more perfect than the chapters which describe his childhood at Milly, the little dreary French country-house, where the family established themselves after the terrors of the Revolution were over. This little *terre*, scarcely sufficient to maintain his family upon, was all that the proud and chivalrous chevalier would accept — the portion given to him on his marriage, according to old rule, instead of the equal share to which he had a right according to the new law. This somewhat quixotic sense of honour, which was not shared by the other members of the family, was, one feels, somewhat hard upon his wife and children, who were thus exposed to the continual interference of his unmarried brothers and sisters, who were much richer than they, and fully disposed to exercise all their powers of animadversion, in self-repayment of the help they sometimes gave. Lamartine is never tired of describing Milly, the home of his youth and of his heart; and never was home painted with a more charming mixture of grace, and sentiment, and perfect homeliness. Happy above the lot of man has been that English Philistine, who first charmed the world by the profound remark that the French were so destitute of all home feeling as not even to possess in their language a word which expressed what we (superior beings as we are) meant by home. How often and with what wearisome repetition has this curious fallacy gone from mouth to mouth, in the face of a nation which never travels, never moves from its *foyer*, its *clocher*, its *chez soi*, when it can help it — whose peasants cling like limpets to their native soil — whose romancists are never tired of the cottage interior, the *vieux manoir délabré* — and whose writers generally never lose an opportunity to commend with more

than patriotic ardour the one beloved local corner which bears to themselves the aspect of paradise on earth!

Lamartine was very vain and very apt to magnify everything connected with himself, but we doubt much whether any English writer would have had the courage to describe with equal frankness the circumstances and scenes of his childhood. The great bare *salon* of Milly, with an alcove at the end containing the bed of the mother and the cradles of the babies; the walls roughly plastered, with here and there a break through which the naked stone was visible; the tiles of the floor cracked in a thousand pieces by the feet of the dancers who, under the Revolution, used the room as a public ball-room; the raftered roof all blackened with smoke; the little garden where squares of vegetables were relieved only by lines of strawberries and pinks, — all these are set before us in the homeliest detail. Nor does the poet hesitate to sketch himself, sallying forth to the mountains in charge of the goats along with the other village boys, just such a little figure as Edouard Frère delights to paint — barefoot, bareheaded, in little coat of coarse blue cloth, with a wallet across his shoulder containing his homely dinner, “*un gros morceau de pain noir mêlé de seigle, un fromage de chèvre, gros et dur comme un caillou.*” Nothing could be more charming than his description of the little goat-herd’s day among the mountains, which is full of all those lights and shadows of sentiment, those aerial graces of mist and distance, with which his diffuse poetical narrative is always laden, yet never loses its connection with the central figure, the barefooted boy among his village comrades — patrician-born if almost peasant-bred, with the far-off fragrance of a splendid court hanging about the room to which he returns of nights, though the plaster is here and there broken on the walls, and the cracked tiles are innocent of any carpet. This mixture of poetic grace and romance with many sordid surroundings, the junction of high breeding and ancient race, and that delicate sense of *noblesse* which often gives so much charm to the character, with absolute poverty and privation, endured with smiling content, and even enjoyed, is always delightful to the sympathetic looker-on.

The reader who has followed Lamartine through the “*Confidences*” and “*Nouvelles Confidences*,” out of which, unfortunately, he was always attempting to make more books and more money, may

perhaps tire of the often-repeated description, the details so often begun *da capo*, the minute but always most loving touches by which he renews the portraiture of his home. For ourselves, we avow we can swallow a great deal of this without murmur or objection; and we could scarcely suggest a more perfect if tranquil pleasure to those unacquainted with or forgetful of Lamartine’s history, than may be found in the handsome and not too long volume — a mere piece of bookmaking, the harsh critic may say, the old recollections served up again — which, under the title of “*Mémoires Inédites*,” has been published since his death; — or the companion book which he called “*Le Manuscrit de ma Mère*,” and himself published not long before the end of his life. The critic and the social philosopher may judge hardly such revelations to the public of the secrets of family life, but we doubt whether the profanation is in any way sufficient to counterbalance the advantages of so true and close and intimate a history. Whatever degree of genius may be allowed to him in his own field of poetry, no admirer will ever claim for Lamartine the glory of dramatic power. He is religious, descriptive, sentimental, tender, with a fine if vague sense of natural beauty; but he is never in the smallest degree dramatic. What nature, however, has not given him, memory and love have almost supplied; and the picture of Milly, and of the beautiful and tender woman who forms its centre, is such as few poets have been able to invent for us. We speak sometimes with a suppressed sneer of the Frenchman’s ideal, the *ma mère* of a sentiment which it is so easy to stigmatize as sentimentality. But such a figure as that of Madame de Lamartine, as exhibited to us in her own journal, as well as through her son’s half-adoring sketches, is one which no lover of humanity would be content to let go. Simple but thoughtful — not intellectual, as we use the word; full of prejudices, no doubt — the prejudices of rank, though her actual position was scarcely above that of a farmer’s homely wife; beautiful in thought and feeling as well as in person — always refined, yet always natural, — it is more easy to fall into panegyric of such a woman than to judge her coldly. In every scene of her life she is set before us with a tender fulness of detail. We see her thanking God with overflowing heart for the unhopd-for happiness which she enjoys in her rude and poor home, with no society but that of the peasants of the village — she, a great lady,

YOUNG MEN



born in St. Cloud, and brought up the playfellow of princes; getting dejected when the hail dashes down, sweeping the year's revenue of young grapes off the vines, yet blaming herself for her want of trust in Providence; driving back all alone and sad, crying under her veil, when she has taken her boy to school, but glad he had not seen her go to revive his childish trouble; then at a later period lamenting with a real distress which looks whimsical enough to our eyes, and asking herself how, if they retire altogether to Milly as her husband thinks expedient, abandoning the lodging in Mâcon, she is to marry her girls? yet weeping with heart-breaking sympathy over the poor young fellow who loves Suzanne, and whom the uncles and aunts reject as not rich enough. The mother cries over him, though Suzanne does not mind very much. She grows old quietly before us, and plunges into the more serious cares which rise round a mother, after the sweet anxieties of her children's early days are over — and lies awake at nights, wondering with aching heart how her boy is to be extricated from his difficulties, his debts paid, his marriage brought about, and the young Englishwoman secured for him on whom he has set his heart; nay, even with a tender superfluity of love when she has read his verses, this dear lady hurries off to a bit of naked wall somewhere, to plant ivy with her own hands — “*pour que mon fils ne mentit pas même dans ses vers, quand il décrirait Milly dans ses harmonies.*” The last glimpse we have of her is perhaps the most touching of all — when she goes back at sixty to the *allée*, in the homely garden, where it was her daily habit to retire for thought every twilight in the happy days when she was so poor and her children young; and where all alone she can scarcely keep herself from gazing “*la-bas sous les tilleuls pour voir si je n'y apercevrai pas les robes blanches de mes petites.*” This delightful picture, so womanly, so mother-like, so exquisite in all its soft details, is finer than all the many “*Harmonies*” which Lamartine gave to the world, — it is the best poem he has left behind him.

It was thus, among so many homely surroundings, that the little barefooted goatherd of Milly, proud young Burgundian *gentilhomme*, heir of many substantial *terres*, and much family pride and prestige, grew and matured on his native soil. The contrast and the mixture of lowliness and loftiness is such as we can scarcely conceive of in England, and it is very cap-

titivating to the imagination. During the brief preliminary reign of Louis XVIII., which ended in ignominious flight, when Napoleon escaped from Elba, the young Lamartine was taken by his father to court, like a true young hero of romance, and there presented to the old friends from whom the chevalier would ask nothing for himself, but to whom he commended his son, enrolling him in the king's body-guard. The brilliant and beautiful young *garde du corps* made, according to his own account, a sensation at court, where he shows himself to us, led by his handsome old patrician father, in all the bloom of his youth, and in all the enthusiasm of long-dormant loyalty, exactly as one of our favourite heroes appears in a novel. This did not, however, last long; but, short as was the period of his service, it was too long for the young poet, who mourns piteously over his hard fate in his youthful letters. “*Che crea aveva fatto io al cielo per divenir una macchina militare,*” he cries, with comical despair, to one of his correspondents. But he did not continue a military machine. The return of the Bourbons did not tempt him to resume his musket, and he soon began to fix his hopes upon diplomacy. For a few years afterwards his course was erratic enough. He wandered hither and thither, from Milly to Mâcon, or to one of the houses of his uncles in the neighbourhood, to his friends at Nice, the De Maistre family, or, above all, to Chambéry, where he found his English bride. There were many difficulties in the way of obtaining employment for him, and in arranging his marriage, to which his family, on the one hand, and the lady's mother on the other, had decided objections. Though he speaks throughout his “*Confidences*” of this marriage in very lover-like terms, it is amusing to find the matter-of-fact prudence with which he discusses the subject at the moment when it was for him the most important of businesses. In one of the letters of this period, published since his death, we find him asking the good offices of his correspondent to discover for him, through means of friends she had in London, the particulars of the young Englishwoman's fortune, and verification of her pretensions. It was a good match, and “*en fait de bons partis la célérité est d'une haute importance,*” he says, with comical good faith and seriousness. During the time of his uncertainty, when he waited in expectation of a letter from Paris, announcing an appointment worthy his acceptance on one hand, and for



the consent of the parents on both sides to his marriage on the other, the young poet had his cares and troubles, and suffered much from the doubt, the suspense, and the vague unhappiness which they bring. He kept himself alive and moderately cheerful, however, by "*Méditations*," which passed from one hand to another; and while read by the young men of the day in studios and barracks, and by ladies in many a dainty boudoir, prepared for him a certain melancholy but elevated reputation, for the moment among private friends only, but ready to burst forth in all the explosive enthusiasm of youth, so soon as these delicate and visionary strophes should be given to the world. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the importance of this mode of preparing the public mind for a new fame. We have in our own time seen instances in which it has triumphed over many disadvantages, and secured a most superior and intellectual audience, proud of their own discovery of a man of genius before he manifested himself to the world.

At last fortune favoured the poet, raining all her gifts upon him at once. In the year 1820, when he was nearly thirty, after years of suspense, his friends at Paris procured for him an appointment as secretary to the French embassy at Naples, and at the same moment the obstacles in the way of his marriage were happily overcome, and he left France in haste for his new duties, carrying with him his bride. At precisely the same time, the day before his departure, his first volume of "*Méditations*" saw the light. All the things he had desired were thus showered upon him at once. So far as our purpose is concerned, the publication of his first volume was the most momentous of these three incidents. His diplomatic career lasted only until 1830, and was not of profound importance in his history; and his marriage, though apparently happy and prosperous, calls for no particular notice here; but his poems made the young man, about whom many people were already interested and curious, at once into a notability, and gained him a place in the heart of his nation, then in all the fervour of a new tide of intellectual life. The empire, with all its victories, following close upon the Revolution with all its terrors, had not only diverted the mind, and for the moment arrested the literature of France, but had given that much-tried country so much to do, so many excitements of a more violent kind, that poetry had found little possibility of a quiet hearing. Such

few voices as had pressed through the tumult were not of a kind to make a very profound impression, and they were chiefly listened to at all as expressing the sentiment of the moment. The prison songs of André Chénier, the emigrant's song of Châteaubriand, bring before us rather a painful sense of the circumstances that inspired them than any thrill of poetical enthusiasm; and the one wild utterance of the Revolution age, the fiery strain composed on one fierce note, of Rouget de l'Isle, is still more emphatically the creation, as it became the inspiration, of passionate popular feeling — a war-cry rather than a poem. The Bourbons, however unwelcome their reign or unsatisfactory their principles in a political point of view, did France the good service of bringing back the ordinary after the fiery and long-continued reign of the extraordinary. The natural conditions of life returned, bringing with them the intellectual energy and literary art for which France has always been distinguished. The reader is aware how great an outburst of new life in this channel distinguished the first half of this century. The revival affected not only the producers of literature but its audience. Not only was the voice emancipated and the pen, but the ear of the listener, so long deafened with echoes of battle, grew eager for the softer sounds, the more attractive harmonies, the varied and human voices of peace.

And perhaps the very extravagance and violence of the past age gave a deeper charm to the sentimental sweetness, the tranquil tone of feeling, the woods and hills and valleys, the mists and aerial perspectives of poetry such as Lamartine's. In the reaction from a violently practical influence such as forces the mind to deal with things rather than thoughts, sentiment has perhaps its best opportunity, just as the retired warrior becomes the gentlest of neighbours, the most placid and patient of cultivators, replacing campaigns by cabages, after the model of Cincinnatus, with an ease and content which is much less easy to attain to after the excitement, the wear and tear of other professions. France, accordingly, always accessible on that side of her mind, so to speak, and weary of excitement, took hold with genuine affection and interest of the young Burgundian. That was one of the moments, so often recurring, when all the world was young, and when the entire generation awoke to a sense of its intellectual privileges and superiority as one man, feeling within itself the power to do some-

thing more than had ever yet been done, and welcoming new poets, new romancists, even new historians and philosophers, as demigods come for the salvation of the world. Perhaps our worst quality now is, not so much that genius is wanting as that we have lost this universal spring of youthfulness, and are, though we suppose there is the same proportion of young minds as usual, a middle-aged period. In England we have had no fit of intellectual youthfulness and eagerness since the days when Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Scott, and Byron were in full song amongst us. Neither has France been young since the period when Victor Hugo and Lamartine began their career. They had this unspeakable advantage in their favour. The enthusiasm of their generation warmed and inspired them; they felt their foreheads strike against the skies, and believed in the aureole of stars which every worshipper attributed to them. It seems very likely, according to all evidence, that poetry requires this sublime self-confidence either supernaturally sustained from within, as in the case of Wordsworth—or fed by enthusiasm from without, as with the Frenchman. Lamartine probably drew this support of the poetic soul from both sources; but that he had the most flattering reception from the public *d'élite* which he specially addressed, there seems to be no manner of doubt.

He left Paris, he tells, on the day after his book was published, partly moved no doubt by necessity, but partly one feels sure by a trick of that amusing and open-hearted vanity which a Frenchman makes no such attempt as an Englishman would do to conceal. "The only tidings," he says, "of my fate which I received was a word from M. Gosselin [his publisher] on the morning of my departure, announcing that his office was thronged by a crowd of the best classes in search of copies; and a note from the oracle the Prince de Talleyrand to his friend the sister of the famous prince Poniatowsky, which she forwarded to me at eight o'clock in the morning, and in which the great diplomatist informed her that he had spent the whole night in reading me, and that at last the soul had its poet." "*L'âme avait enfin son poëte!*" what praise more delightful could be breathed into the ear of the young sentimentalist! "*Je n'aspirais pas au génie, l'âme me suffisait.*" he adds, with much *attendrissement* and rapture as may be imagined, "*tous mes pauvres vers n'étaient que des soupirs!*"

The character of these "*Méditations,*"

"*Harmonies,*" "*Recueils,*" the appropriate names which he gives to his various collections of poems, may be gleaned at once by their titles. It is somewhat difficult to follow through many editions which have changed the arrangement and succession of the different poems, the actual verses which first saw the day; but they are all so similar in character that we cannot do the poet wrong by instancing at hazard the first that catch the eye. "*Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude,*" "*Hymne du Soir dans les Temples,*" "*Pensée des Morts,*" "*L'Infini dans les Cieux,*" "*Hymne de la Douleur,*" "*Jéhovah; ou l'idée de Dieu,*"—so run the strains. Vague piety of an elevated but very general kind, vague sentiment, melancholy, and sadness; vague descriptions of landscape, of rivers, of the sun, the sky, and the mountains,—are to be found in all, always gracefully, often melodiously expressed—sometimes resounding with the accumulation of epithets which suits declamation better than poetry; sometimes dropping into a murmurous sweet monotony, which, barring that the effort is produced by words instead of notes, resembles more (we are conscious of the apparent bull) a song without words than a succession of articulate verses. It is impossible to discover in them much thought; but they are profoundly and tenderly reflective, and express what is recognized as thought by the majority of ordinary readers. Reflective, retrospective, full of the gentle sadness which is produced by recollections which are melancholy without being bitter—by the memory of the distant dead, whose loss has ceased to be a weighty and present grief—and by that consciousness of the transitory character of life, and peace, and happiness, and everything that man esteems, which is not pressed close by immediate neglect or dismay. They are of the class of poetry which delights youth at that stage when it loves to be made sad, and which affords to women and lonely persons a means of expressing the vague and causeless despondencies of a silent existence.

This is not the highest aim of poetry, but we are not sure that it is not one of its most beneficial uses. The active mind and passionate soul have need of stronger fare; but so long as human nature is framed as it is, the majority must always be subject to the languors and undefined dissatisfactions which result from nothing tangible in our lives, but are the very breath of a higher being—the proofs of

an obscured divinity of origin which interferes with the content and comfort of the race more, perhaps, than they heighten its enjoyments. The "thoughts which lie too deep for tears" of Wordsworth, are too profound, too broad for the musing melancholy which invades so many gentle souls in times of loneliness—in those moments when there is nothing positive to complain of, but life runs low, and everything is obscured with veils and mists of melancholy. To such a mood the poetic strain which breathes softly but sadly the universal despondencies of earth—generalizing its less weighty miseries into one vague plaint, sweet and always soft like the waves on the beach when the sea is calm, and only a reminiscence of past storm is in the measured break and ripple—is beyond description welcome. The surcharged heart, heavy with it knows not what, finds relief. It finds brotherhood, sympathy, comprehension—it even feels in its own languors, its own gentle discontent, a trace of something sublime—a superiority to the common mass which is, in itself, infinitely consoling. We have but little poetry in England which takes the same place with the same dignity. "Pleasures of Memory," and "Pleasures of Hope," and "Pleasures of Imagination," have all dropped out of recollection, though possibly in their day they filled this place, and supplied this perennial want of the mind. But Lamartine does it with more variety, with more dignity, and absolute certainty that this is the true use of poetry. And so far he is right. It is, if not its single and absolute end, at least one of its most serviceable uses. And the audience to which such a poet appeals is more numerous and perhaps more important than any other. He misses the highest and the lowest, whose tastes curiously enough often agree—the lower level requiring for excitement those lofty and primitive passions which the highest finds its enjoyment in, because they are the highest impulses of which humanity is capable. But all the vast mass of the middle, the centre of humanity, the hearts that feel without having any necessity to penetrate to the depths of feeling; the minds which think without being impelled much beyond the surface; the gentle and *sensible* (to use that word in its French, not its English, meaning) intelligences, which are open to all poetic influences not too high for them—taking the highest indeed on trust, because they are told to do so, but finding a real and refined enjoyment in the poetry of reflection and senti-

ment which is in within their personal grasp,—is his natural kingdom. This is the world which Lamartine addressed, and where he was received with cordial yet tearful acclamations; he was "*le poète de l'âme*." Could there be for his audience any description more touching, or more adapted to penetrate directly to the heart? That Talleyrand should be the author of this title is one of the quaintest of circumstances. The reader might perhaps be tempted to ask whether he had a soul at all, that cleverest of all possible diplomatists. But Lamartine does not seem to have been troubled by any such doubt; indeed it is wonderful to see with what ease the mind accepts the oracular sentence of a man who acknowledges its own excellences, and predicts its success. "Call me wise, and I will allow you to be a judge" (of wisdom), says a clever Scotch proverb. The poet, in this instance, seems to have been moved by a very natural feeling to the point of describing his first great applauder as an "oracle."

In all these volumes, however, full as they are of the personality of the writer, and of his private recollections and moods of mind, there is no attempt to embody in any living type of character his theories of existence, or such counsel as he had to bestow upon his poetical audience. So far as he had a hero at all, Lamartine was his own hero. The dramatic faculty is almost altogether wanting in him. Before the period of his first volume, he had attempted a Biblical drama, bearing the title of "Saul," a fragment of which was afterwards published; and so far had he gone in this undertaking that he read the drama to the great actor Talma, hoping no less for it than admission to the classic stage of the Français. "Talma was full of enthusiasm for the poetry, the style, and the fine effects which result from the conception of the piece," he writes. "As I went on he twisted himself about in his easy-chair, and said, 'There is tragedy in this. It is astonishing. I should never have believed it!' He told me—and, better still, he allowed me to see—that the part of Saul tempted him greatly. He repeated to me a score of times that no lines so fine had ever been read to him; that I was a poet, and perhaps the only one existing; that the '*Moïse*' of M. de Châteaubriand was fine, but that mine transcended it." This was very fine talk; but it did not open the difficult doors of the Français; and the young artist seems to have succumbed at once, and to have thought nothing more about it, with that

extraordinary facility of youth which is set upon one thing to-day, and to-morrow has forgotten its very existence. If we may judge of "Saul" from the "*Fragment Biblique*," which we find in Lamartine's later volumes, it will be difficult to believe in Talma's admiration. This, as far as we can judge, was the only time that he attempted the drama. Even earlier, however, than "Saul," the incident which forms the groundwork of the tales of "*Graziella*" and "*Raphael*" had occurred in the young poet's own life; and nothing could have served the occasion better, or called forth his genius so well as the romance which no natural modesty prompted him to keep secret, in all its delightful mixture of reality and fiction — the "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*" of which a greater poet and mightier genius did not disdain the charm.

It is only just to Lamartine, however, to say that his graceful but languishing and sentimental tales are more prepossessing to the reader, and call forth in a much lesser degree the natural opposition which is roused in everybody's mind by highly-pitched egotism and vanity, than those of Goethe. "*Graziella*," in particular, is a beautiful little idyl, perfectly pure, picturesque, and touching. The Italian girl herself has something of the charm which we have already remarked in Lamartine's early sketches of his own childhood. She is represented in all the homely circumstances of her lot, without any attempt to make an impossible young lady out of the humble Procitana. This error, which is one into which English romancers continually fall, does not seem to affect the Frenchman, though whether this may be a consequence of the democratical atmosphere of his nation, or arises merely from his higher artistic susceptibility, it is difficult to tell. Whatever the cause may be, however, *Graziella* is as complete a fisher-girl as the little Lamartine was a goat-herd among his native hills. Neither her costume nor her habits of life are sacrificed to the elevation and refinement necessary to a heroine. To be sure, the costume of a fisher-lass from Procida is less objectionable in romance than the homely gown of an English country girl; but the plot ventures almost to the edge of ridicule when he represents his *Graziella* trying on the costume of civilization, and pinching her larger beauty into the French corsets and silk gown, which in her ignorance she thought likely to please him. Altogether this poetic little tale is, we think, the finest thing La-

martine has done. It is a portion of his "*Confidences*;" he is the hero, the god of the little southern world, into which he threw himself with all the enthusiasm of youth. Of all his landscapes, except the home scenery of Milly, there is none of which he has so taken in the peculiar and pervading charm. The sunny yet dangerous sea, the lovely isles, the hill-terraces, with their wonderful Elysian points of vision, the subtle sweetness of the air, the mingling of sky and water, with all their ineffable tones of light and colour, have been nowhere more perfectly represented; and if the passion and despair of the young Neapolitan may be excessive, they are made possible by her country, by the softening effects of that seductive air, and by the extreme youth of the heroine. Very different is the sickly and unnatural effect of the companion story "*Raphael*," the scene of which is laid in the town, and on the lake, of Aix in Savoy, and in which the sentimental passion of the two lovers becomes nauseous to the reader in its very commencement, and is infinitely more objectionable in its ostentatious purity than any ordinary tale of passion. The hero of "*Graziella*" is young and guileless, half unaware of, and more than half partaking of the innocent frenzy he awakens; but *Raphael* is a miserable poor creature, good for nothing but to lie at his mistress's feet, to listen to her movements through the door that divides them, to rave about her perfections and his love. The sickly caresses — the long, silent raptures in which the two gaze into each other's eyes — the still more sickly ravings of their love, which has no pleasant beginning, no dramatic working up towards a climax, but jumps into languishing completeness at once, — all breathe an unhealthy, artificial, enervating atmosphere, pernicious to the last degree for any young mind which could be charmed by it, and not far from disgusting to the maturer reader. In both these productions, the poet, as we have said, is his own hero. The incidents are professedly true; and the author gives himself credit throughout his autobiographical works for having passed through all the tumults and agitations of these exhibitions of would-be passion. We say would-be, for there is not in reality any passion in them. Nothing of the fiery directness of overwhelming emotion is in either narrative. "*Raphael*," in particular, is slowly piled up with a leisurely gloating over the mental fondnesses and fine sentiments of the languishing pair, which stops all feeling



of indulgence; and when the sentimental lover, wrapped up in thoughts of his Julia, accepts from his mother the price of her trees, and hurries away, under pretence of sickness, to Aix, to indulge his maudlin passion by another meeting, the reader loses all patience with so miserable a hero. But to the poet it seems quite reasonable and natural, not to say angelic, of the mother to make any sacrifice to satisfy the necessities of her son's heart, and quite consistent with the son's honour and poetic nobility of soul to leave all the duties of life behind him, and moon his life away dancing attendance upon his sickly love, "*collant ses lèvres à ses beaux pieds*," and raving and being raved at with weak and wordy adoration.

In the other narratives of the "*Confidences*," such, for instance, as the tale called "*Fior d' Aliza*," the poet is not the hero but the sympathizing friend of the chief sufferers, with some gain in point of modesty, but not much in point of art. All for love, in a sense which goes altogether beyond our robuster meaning, is his perpetual motto. The world appears to him only as a place in which two young persons may bill and coo, turning all its beautiful and noble scenery into a succession of nests for the inevitable turtle-doves. In all this, let us do him justice, there is nothing licentious or immoral. When there may happen to occur a love which cannot end in marriage, it is almost ostentatiously demonstrated to be a union of the heart only; and it is on the whole a pure idyl which Lamartine loves. The most that can be said of him is, that he indulges freely in the amiable indecency, chiefly concerned with babies and their mothers, which Continental manners permit and authorize. He is fond of nursery exhibitions, of sucklings and their play; but only the prudish English taste perhaps will object to this, such improprieties being considered in other regions virtuous, nay, religious. This defect and an undue exhibition of the delights of wedded and lawful love, are almost all the moral sins of which we can accuse him; and there are even among ourselves, no doubt, a host of virtuous critics to whom the fact of wedlock makes everything correct and legitimate. This is not the kind of weakness, however, which we naturally expect from a Frenchman.

The kindred works written in verse instead of in poetical prose, which are of congenial character to the tales of the "*Confidences*," cannot be said to add much to Lamartine's reputation. The

story of "*Jocelyn*," the best known of these larger works, is one prolonged meditation interspersed with a few incidents, rather than a dramatic poem, though the tale it tells has chances strange enough to bring out character, had the vague young hero possessed any. The story is supposed to be taken from a manuscript found in the house of a village *curé* after his death, and was in reality, we are informed, an account of the actual adventures of a parish priest well known to the poet. The habit of founding works of art upon incidents of real life is an almost infallible sign of a second-rate genius, though it is an expedient which all the world loves to attribute to every imaginative writer. Following this very commonplace suggestion, Lamartine constantly takes credit to himself for being merely the narrator of actual events, with what truth we are unable to decide. The very name of the *curé* thus plucked out of his privacy and made into a poem is, we think, indicated in the "*Confidences*." Such an effort, however, to make fact stand in the place of art, is seldom successful; and that man would be wise indeed who could discern any individual features in the colourless apparition of Jocelyn. He is a type of generosity, love, self-sacrifice, and impressionable feeling, but not in the smallest degree a recognizable man. The poet, in a *post-scriptum* which now prefaces the work, denies the imputation of having intended to write "a plea against the celibacy of the clergy, an attack upon religion." The idea of making, as he says, "of a poem a controversy in verse, for or against any question of discipline," had, he declares, never entered his head; though it cannot be denied that the accusation seems justified, at least by the character of the tale. The young Jocelyn, overhearing the lamentations of his mother—such lamentations as no doubt Lamartine heard not unfrequently at home—over the defective *dot* which kept her daughter from marrying, makes an instant sacrifice of his own dawning youth and aspirations, and dedicates himself to the priesthood in order thus to endow his sister with the entire possessions of the family. No idea that this was anything but a perfectly noble and manly act crosses the mind of either poet or hero. We then follow him to the seminary, where, with much painful repression of his feelings, he goes through his preliminary studies. These, however, are interrupted by the Revolution; his home is broken up, and he himself, hunted

to the hills, finds refuge in a cavern from the pursuit of his enemies. Here he ministers to another less happy refugee, who dies in his arms, leaving to his charge a stripling called the son, but in reality the daughter of the dead man, Laurence, who succeeds for a long time in deceiving her sole protector in respect to her sex. From the moment of her appearance thus, his cave becomes dear and beautiful to the young student, who, without knowing why, is immediately transported into the mysterious happiness of a first love. After he discovers her secret, the young man realizes the meaning of this new world in which he feels himself to be living, and for two years the lovers live an idyllic life of purity yet mutual fondness, adoring each other with all the frankness of youth, yet living like a pair of angels in their cave. This happiness is interrupted by a sudden appeal from the peasant who has all along protected Jocelyn, calling him to visit in prison a banished bishop on the very eve of the guillotine. Tearing himself from the side of his love at the bidding of duty, the young man goes reluctantly down the mountain-side to the prison at Grenoble to visit his bishop. Here, however, he meets with a trial so immense that flesh and blood is incapable of supporting it. The bishop, dying, insists on making the unhappy neophyte a priest, in order that he himself may be enabled to confess and to leave the world with all the sacraments of the Church. Jocelyn, remembering his love, resists. He does all that he can to escape from this terrible dilemma, but in vain; and at last finds himself with despair receiving the undesired consecration, which makes Laurence henceforth impossible to him. The tremendous interview they have at the top of their hill and on the threshold of their cave before they part forever, is the climax of the story. Jocelyn returns in moody anguish to his seminary. No consciousness of having done well, no hope of reconciling himself to the dreary future, supports him. In losing Laurence he loses everything. The next and only remaining change in his life is his transfer from the seminary to the mountain parish of Valneige, where he spends the rest of his days in the depths of poverty, goodness, and self-absorption. Here, as in the first awakening of his unsuspected love for Laurence, which he supposes to be affectionate friendship for a boy confided to his care, there are charming touches of natural feeling, and of that rural life which is the truest thing in Lamartine's experi-

ence. But neither the occupations of his profession and the interests of the little rural community round him, nor the calming influences of time, do anything for Jocelyn; and his melancholy existence culminates when he is hastily sent for to see a dying traveller in a neighbouring village, and there finds his lost love, whose confession he receives, and to whom he administers the last sacraments. When he has buried Laurence, he has no more to do in life, and dies in his humble *presbytère*, leaving behind him the sentimental record long drawn out of balked love, and wasted life, and melancholy beyond all hope.

Such is the story, weak, sweet, maudlin, and superhuman. It caught the public attention forcibly, we are told, at the moment of its production, and has attained a more or less secure place among French classics. "*Jocelyn*" is the one of my works," Lamartine himself tells us, "which has procured for me the most intimate and numerous communications with unknown persons of all ages and countries." Notwithstanding, however, this popular testimony, it is almost impossible to imagine anything more hectic and unnatural, more opposed to the conditions of practicable existence, than this long monologue, this song upon one note. There have been poetical heroes before now to whom love has been the one thing worth living for; and, indeed, a visionary passion balked of all fulfilment has taken a larger place in poetry than perhaps any other manifestation of human feeling. It is the very soul, for instance, of the noble poetry of Italy; but we need not say how different is the poor and false ideal afforded us in "*Jocelyn*" from anything that could be suggested even by the shadow of that high and inspiring passion. Lamartine's hero is as incapable of thinking of anything else, or of rising above his immediate personal recollections and hankerings for the thing forbidden, as he is of resisting the pressure of circumstances which steal his happiness from him. He has neither manhood enough to face the raving and cursing ecclesiastic in his prison and preserve his liberty, nor, when that liberty is gone, to accept the consequences. Neither the strength to hold fast, nor the strength to give up, is in him. Such a frail and weak character is a favourite of fiction, where all its vacillations do excellent service in bringing out the varying shades of human weakness; but this does not seem to have been in the slightest degree Lamartine's intention. On the contrary, it is an ideal



figure which he means to set before us, a being superior to the common rules of humanity, a saint and martyr, the very emblem and impersonation of poetical self-sacrifice. We cannot find a line to show that the poet himself felt anything to be wanting in the type he chooses of perfect love and suffering; and though the reader is more impatient than sympathetic, the writer has always the air of being perfectly satisfied with his own creation, and convinced that he has set forth in it a high and most attractive ideal. Laurence is still more shadowy than her priest-lover; and but for the intense happiness which we are told she is capable of conferring by her presence, her looks, and her caresses, is the mere symbol of a woman without any character at all. In short, the reader feels that this ideal pair are very badly used by their Maker, who makes them suffer an infinity of vague torture without any compensation for it, any sense of duty to support them, any nobility of resignation to reconcile their lives to ordinary existence. What is called self-renunciation thus becomes a mere forced and involuntary endurance, against which they struggle all their lives: while the happiness to which they aspire is degraded into a monotonous rapture of touch and clasp and caress; not passion, but maudlin fondness; not despair, but maudlin lamentations over what they would but cannot possess.

The second poem which the author, with some vague plan in his head, of which he does not reveal the *fin mot*, meant to form part of a series of which "*Jocelyn*" was the first—also finds its centre of interest in the same blazing, hot love which is the only power worth noticing in the universe, according to Lamartine. We do not pretend to say what the connection between the two may be. At first glance we might suppose that one of them represents that "love which never had an earthly close," which is always so captivating to the imagination—and the other, love satisfied and triumphant forcing its way through all obstacles. This transparent contrast and connection, however, is destroyed by the fact that the "*Chute d'un Ange*" closes in still more dismal despair and misery than anything that happens to Jocelyn; and that the muddle of torture, like the muddle of bliss, comes about apparently without any moral cause whatever, from circumstances over which neither the poet nor his hero has any control. What moral meaning there is in it, or rather is intended to be in it, is beyond our power to dis-

cover. It is a puzzle upon which the ingenuity of some critic at leisure might occupy itself, were the question worth the trouble. The story is, however, solemnly introduced to us as coming from the lips of a prophet-hermit of Lebanon, who dies as soon as he has accomplished the recital. The angel whose fall is the subject of the tale belongs to those primitive times when the sons of God made alliances with the daughters of men, at the curious cost, according to Lamartine, of living nine lives (an unlucky number) upon earth before they could once more attain their native heaven. The treatment of the fallen angel is original at least, if nothing more. When he drops suddenly into manhood, moved by the hot and generous purpose of saving his human love (who knows nothing of him) from the hands of giants, he brings with him no reminiscences of his better state, no traditions of heaven or heavenly knowledge, but becomes a salvage man, without even the power of speech, knowing nothing about himself, and unable to communicate with the primitive people about him. This transformation is so complete, that even when taught by Daïdha, the object of his affections, to speak, and raised by his love for her to a certain humanity, no sort of recollection ever seems to come back to him; and the only purpose for which he is brought upon this earth seems again to be mere billing and cooing, accomplished under the most tragic risks, and with hideous interruptions of suffering, over which the couple, increased by the addition of twin babies of portentous appetite, have many extraordinary triumphs, emerging again constantly on the other side of the cloud into a sickly paradise of embraces, sucklings, and such-like conjugal and nursery blisses. What is meant by the very earthly Olympus of primeval giant gods into which they are carried, or by the final mysterious conclusion in the desert, when Daïdha dies cursing, for the death of her children, the husband who has resigned heaven for her, we are unable to tell; neither can we feel that this climax demonstrates the emptiness of human good as shown in the desolate ending as much of the happy and fortunate as of the disappointed lover, though probably this is what the poet meant. The angel-father breaks into blasphemy when he sees his edifice of happiness fall to pieces around him, and makes a last pyrotechnic effort to consume himself along with his dead wife and children; but even when he comes to this conclusion, nothing beyond

despair at the loss of his happiness seems to enter his mind—he has no consciousness of his voluntary descent into mortality—no apparent knowledge of himself as being more than a man. The whole effect is *manqué* by this curious failure on the part of the poet even to identify his own conception: he would seem either to have forgotten it altogether, or to have felt himself unable to grasp the idea of a loftier nature than that of humanity, or to think of an angel as anything beyond the handsome youth with flowing hair which painters have taken as the type of heavenly existence. Thus, once more, everything that is desirable in life comes to be represented by kisses and languishing looks, by the mutual self-absorption of two beings, who find a somewhat monotonous heaven in each other's arms, and around whom the world may tremble or be convulsed, and all the race of man disappear, without even awakening them from their private raptures. All this, however, let the reader remember, is combined with the most perfect virtue. It is connubiality rendered improper, and domesticity made indecent; but there is no idea of evil in the whole matter; it is virtue, only too sweet, too fond, too loving—maudlin and nasty if you please, but virtue all the same.

We are glad to be able to retire out of this sickly sweetness to the better atmosphere of the fugitive poems, those meditations and harmonies, which, if never reaching the highest level of poetry, are still expressive of many of the gentler feelings of the heart, its languors and sadness, its tender recollections, and that vague melancholy which, there can be little doubt, gives so much of its charm to nature. In this point of view, as a reflective and descriptive poet, giving a harmonious medium of expression to many a gentle, voiceless soul, Lamartine will probably long retain his place in the estimation of his countrymen. His longer poems are, we trust, as dead by this time as they deserve to be, and we feel a personal necessity to remove the sickly odour which they leave behind them by one more return to the native soil which gave him strength, and filled him with an inspiration more wholesome and sweet than sentiment. Here is Milly once more, the beloved home, with all its gentle habits and daily life—but this time in melodious verse, which we venture to put into a very literal English version:—

Then come in turn the many cares of day—  
To reap the fields, the gathered grain to lay

On the heaped carts, before the rain-cloud  
rent

By sudden lightning from its gloom has sent  
Quick-falling floods to swell the ripened ear,  
Or stain with white decay its golden cheer;  
Gather the fruit that falls from trees bereft;  
Call back the bees to homes this morning left;  
The laden branch weighed down with wealth

sustain;  
Clear the choked runlet from its sandy stain.  
Then tend the poor, who, stretching empty  
hands,

Asking for pence or bread in God's name  
stands;

Or widow, who, from souls untouched by  
fears,  
Alms of the heart, asks tears to swell her  
tears;

Or hopeful counsel on the unthrifty shed,  
Give orphan work, and to the sick a bed:  
Then 'neath the trees at noon a pause is  
made—

Masters and servants, talking in the shade  
Of wind that rises, of bright skies that pale,  
Of the thick clouds that fall in whitening hail,  
The boughs by caterpillars eaten black,  
The ragged brier that tears the scythe's edge  
back.

Then come the children: 'midst them, in her  
place,

The mother teaches of God's name and grace;  
Or half-spelt words are murmured, homelier  
lore,

Or numbers, finger-counted o'er and o'er;  
Or trains them, thread from lint or wool to  
win,

Or weave their garments from the thread they  
spin.

Thus toil on toil from hour to hour goes on,  
Till gently, lo! the working-time is done:  
The full day softly falls; eve comes, and we  
Beside the door sit on the fallen tree,  
And watch the great wain heaped with odor-  
ous grass,

The gleaners following where its slow wheels  
pass;

The herdsman leading back from field and  
wood

The heavy-uddered goats; in grateful mood,  
Charged with the gifts the kindly vale be-  
stowed,

The beggar passing bowed beneath his load.  
Behind the hill, in mists of gold, the sun  
With love we watch go down, his journey  
done;

And as his great round, dropping, drowned in  
shade,

Broideries of gold or sombre furrows made,  
We fix the fortunes of the coming morn,  
If to dim skies or radiant brightness born.

Thus to the Christian eye life's darkening eve  
Promise of bright days after death can give.  
The angelus sounds soft when fails the light,  
Convoking spirits blest to bless the night.

All darkens with the sky: the soul is still,  
The memories of the dead come back at will;

We think of friends whose eyes have long  
foregone

In the eternal day both moon and sun.

With sadness in our hearts' still depths we  
trace

Whence they have gone, the ever-empty place;  
And to fill up the void o'er which we grieve,  
A sigh, a tear, within its depths we leave.

At length when stars are trembling overhead,  
Returning to our hearth we talk, we read, —  
One of those legacies sublime and dear  
By the great dead left to their followers here —  
Men who like lights across the ages shine, —  
Homer or Fénelon; or, more divine,  
That book where secrets all of earth and  
heaven

In two great words — hope! charity! — are  
given.

And sometimes, too, to make the night more  
sweet,

The darkness bright with song, our lips repeat  
Verses of some great singer that could win  
Their charmed tones from lutes of seraphim,  
Decking dear truth with numbers sweet, and  
words

And image such as nature's self affords.

But slumber, gentle issue of toil's sighs,  
Before the hour weighs down our weary eyes;  
And, as 'twas wont in Rachel's primal days,  
The household gathers for the evening praise.  
To make more pure, more sweet the worship  
given,

A child's voice rises with our prayers to  
heaven —

Virginal voice touched to a tenderer tone  
By presence of that God with whom alone  
It pleads, invoking blessing on the night;  
Then in a song of Zion rising light  
To which is choral answer; gentle note  
Of mother — from the father's manly throat  
A deeper sound; old voices shrill and spare,  
And shepherds' rough from strife of wind and  
air,

With heavy burden hum the chant divine,  
And with the leading voice, clear, infantine,  
Contrast like trouble and serenity —  
An hour of peace within a stormy day —  
Till you would say, as voice on voices broke,  
Mortals who questioned while an angel spoke.

This is finely touched, and with real  
tenderness of feeling. It is part of the  
poem entitled "*Bénédiction de Dieu dans  
la Solitude*," and was suggested, the poet  
tells us, by a pretty group formed of his  
mother, his young wife, *her* mother and  
her child, seated in a summer landscape  
close to the old house which had sheltered  
his infancy. In this kind of gentle  
strain, whether it be prose or poetry, he is  
beyond rivalry. When all other inspira-  
tion fails, the inspiration of home never  
fails him. Whatever he may be else-  
where, at Milly he is ever a true poet.  
This is the highest praise we can give to

Lamartine. His longer poems are monotonous and cloying; his poetical romances of a mawkish and unwholesome sweetness. But on his native soil, in the homely house of his mother, all objectionable qualities disappear. He loves the skies which overarch that dear bit of country; he loves the hills and the fields because they surround that centre of all associations; and in his companionship with nature he is always tender and natural, seldom exaggerated, and scarcely ever morbid. His shorter strains are full of the fresh atmosphere of the country he loved; and the sentiment of pensive evenings and still nights, soft-breathing, full of stars and darkness, is to be found everywhere in the gentle melodious verse; not lofty or all-absorbing like the nature-worship of Wordsworth, but more within the range of the ordinary mind, and quite as genuine and true. Had he been content with this, and not aspired to represent passion of which he knew nothing, his fame would have been more real and more lasting. He was such a poet as the quieter intellectualist, the pensive thinker loves. He could not touch the greater springs of human feeling; but he could so play upon the milder stops of that great instinct as to fill his audience with a soft enthusiasm. Some of his prose works reach to a profounder influence; and those readers who remember, when it came out, the "*History of the Girondists*," will not refuse to the poet a certain power of moving and exciting the mind: but this work and the many others which preceded and followed it, have little to do with our argument. They are poetical and exaggerated prose, and have no claim to the higher title of poetry.

In the midst of his manifold productions, however, there happened to Lamartine such a chance as befalls few poets. He had it in his power once in his life to do something greater than the greatest lyric, more noble than any *vers*. At the crisis of the Revolution of 1848, chance (to use the word without irreverence) thrust him and no other into the place of master, and held him for one supreme moment alone between France and anarchy — between, we might almost say, the world and a second terrible Revolution. And there the sentimentalist proved himself a man; he confronted raving Paris, and subdued it. The old noble French blood in his veins rose to the greatness of the crisis. With a pardonable thrill of pride in the position, so strange to a writer and man of thought, into which

without any action of his own he found himself forced, he describes how he faced the tremendous mob of Paris for seventy hours, almost without repose, without sleep or food, when there was no other man in France bold enough or wise enough to take that supreme part; and ended by guiding that most aimless of revolutions to a peaceful conclusion, for the moment at least. It was not Lamartine's fault that the empire came after him. Long before the day of the empire had come he had fallen from his momentary elevation, and lost all influence over his country. But his downfall cannot efface the fact that he did actually reign, and reign beneficently, subduing and controlling the excited nation, saving men's lives and the balance of society. We know no other poet who has had such a chance afforded him, and few men who have acquitted themselves so well in one of the most difficult and dangerous positions which it is possible for a man to hold.

The end of his life, which was spent obscurely, faded away amid many clouds; and it is better that we should not attempt to enter into that record of perpetual debt and shifting impecuniosity. The nation itself came, we think more than once, to the rescue of the poet; and he went on until his very end publishing and republishing, following reminiscence with reminiscence, in a feverish strain for money, which it is painful to contemplate. The causes of this we need not enter into; but, well endowed as his family had left him, sole heir of all the uncles and aunts who had sat heavily upon his early life, he died poor and deprived of almost everything. When a man has to come pitifully before the world and explain how, to retain Milly, he sells another bit of himself, another volume of "*Confidences*," to the eager bookseller—making, one feels, capital of the very sympathy excited—the situation is too painful and humbling to be dwelt upon. Lamartine's sun went down amid those clouds. But the man is dead, and his generation are disappearing off the scene, and France has perhaps more debts to him than she has ever been able to pay. He never led her intentionally astray, from one end of his career to the other. If his adoration of love is sometimes sickly, and his sentimentality maudlin, and the ideal world he framed a narrow and poor world, filled with but one monotonous strain of weak passion—it is at the same time a pure love which he idolizes, a virtuous ideal, which, according to his lights, he endeavours to set forth. And

in his fugitive pieces there dwells often the very sweetness of the woods and fields—a homely gentle atmosphere of moral quiet and beauty. It is for these, and not for the exaggerated poetical maundering of his larger poems, that his name will be remembered in the world.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

LA BELLA SORRENTINA.

CHAPTER I.

THE district that forms the southern horn of the Bay of Naples, with its orange-groves and vineyards, its aloes, olives and palms, its rocky hills, its white, glittering towns, its deep blue sea, its bare-legged fishermen and graceful, dark-eyed girls, has always been the very paradise of tourists. The faint, heavy scent of the orange-blossoms is wafted to you, as you sit in your balcony above the sea, on warm, moonlight nights; the tinkling of a guitar is heard from the distance, where somebody is singing "*Santa Lucia*" or "*La Bella Sorrentina*" before the door of one of the hotels; a long line of smoke is blown from Vesuvius towards the horizon; the lights of Naples wink and glitter on the other side of the bay; and presently (if you are inclined to pay for it) a little company of young men and maidens will come and dance the tarantella for you, till you are weary of watching so much activity in such a slumberous atmosphere.

There is no disappointment about this part of Italy. Pictures, poetry, books of travel—all that one has heard, seen, or read of this country—cannot have exaggerated its loveliness or idealized its perfection. The sky and sea are as blue and deep, the mountains as softly purple, and the vegetation as luxuriant as the most fervid imagination can have pictured them; the people are laughing, dancing, singing and chattering from morning till night; even when they work they seem to be only playing at toil, dragging up their nets, or tending their vines, as if only to make a pretty foreground to a picture. Life at Sorrento and Castellamare is, to quote the opinion of an enthusiastic French lady, as beautiful as a perpetual scene at the opera, and even more agreeable, as being free from the inconvenience of gas.

Tourists generally are apt to fall in, in some sort, with this way of thinking. Everything in this charming, perfumed, sensuous land is so full of pleasure, so

fairlylike and unreal, that it is difficult to believe that the cares and troubles of the world can have any place there, or that the inhabitants can have anything to do but to look picturesque and dance and sing from the cradle to the grave.

Nevertheless, the Piano di Sorrento is a country in which people love, hate, weep, struggle, pinch, and suffer in the same way as mortals do in other parts of this planet. Here is the history of a man and a woman, born and bred in Sorrento, to both of whom want and suffering were familiar in their earlier years; while one of them, at least, experienced more of the latter sensation than most people would hold to be the fair share of a lifetime.

The name of Annunziata Vannini, the famous *prima donna*, has become well known to the world, while that of Luigi Ratta will convey no idea to the mind of the reader, and would probably, indeed, never have been heard ten miles from his native village of Sorrento but for a circumstance which shall in due course be related. But everybody has seen and heard the Vannini; and even those who cannot claim to be considered as other than nobodies — that is to say, people who look upon a guinea and a half as too long a price to pay for an evening's amusement — must have become familiar with her features from her photographs in the shop-windows, where she has figured in a hundred different costumes and attitudes any time during the last fifteen years. Yet a very small proportion of the admiring and appreciative throngs who have applauded her to the echo while bouquets, laurel wreaths, and even diamond bracelets upon occasion, have been showered down upon her as she stood smiling and curtsying upon the stages of Covent Garden, St. Petersburg, and Paris, is aware that, not so very long ago, she was a bare-footed orphan girl, helping her aunt, old Marta Vannini, at the wash-tub, seldom tasting meat, sometimes getting cuffed for carelessness, and not unfrequently going hungry to bed.

In those old days, from which she has become so widely and utterly removed, Annunziata Vannini was a beautiful, laughing, happy, and good-natured girl, whom everybody was fond of, and whom some (notably Luigi Ratta) loved so much that they would fain have taken her, all poor and dowerless as she was, to gladden their homes permanently with her bright presence. Nowadays her beauty has lost something of its freshness, as is but natural after fifteen years of constant labour

and excitement and contact with the world; her laughter is perhaps neither so frequent nor so hearty as it used to be; and it is proverbial that wealth does not of necessity confer happiness on its possessor. Good-natured the Vannini has always been, and always will be, one may suppose, till the end of the chapter.

The peasants of Sorrento gave her the sobriquet of *la bella Sorrentina*, after the well-known song that bears that title — whether from her remarkable beauty or from the fact that Luigi, who played the guitar a little, was fond of trolling out the air at her garden-gate, I do not know. The name was, at all events, a sufficiently appropriate one.

Lovers, as has been said, were not wanting to her; but at the age of eighteen she had as yet declined to have anything to say to any of them — even to Luigi Ratta, whom perhaps she liked the best of all, and who had been constant to her ever since the time when, as children of ten and eight years old respectively, they had broken a small coin together, each promising to keep a half in sign of eternal fidelity.

Luigi, like herself, was, at the time our story opens, an orphan. His father had died about two years before, leaving him a small sum of money carefully locked up in a cash-box, a share in a good-sized fishing-boat, a couple of nets, and a little cottage just outside Sorrento. With this property Luigi, though not precisely well-to-do, felt himself in a position to support a wife; nor need he have sought long or far to find a willing partner, for he was steady, handsome, hard-working, and as strong as an ox. But there was only one girl in the world that Luigi felt any inclination for; and she, when one spoke to her of love, would only laugh; and if one mentioned marriage, was apt to retire into the house and slam the door in one's face. It was provoking; but Luigi was of a long-suffering and persevering nature; he doubted not but that, in the end, his hopes would be fulfilled, and in the mean time possessed his soul in patience, and got what comfort he could from long interviews with the girl of his heart, on fine nights after work-hours, at the end of old Marta Vannini's garden, which overlooked the sea. He used to take his guitar, on such occasions, and station himself by the low lava-built wall, singing love-songs till such time as it pleased Annunziata to become aware of his presence, and come down and talk to him.

Now it chanced that as he was thus em-



ployed, one fine November evening, a stout, elderly gentlemen came sauntering towards him from the direction of the hotel, smoking his after-dinner cigar, and stopped to listen to the rustic serenade. The air was deliciously soft and warm; there was just enough of gentle southerly wind to set the olives and evergreen oaks sighing; the moon was streaming down full upon the white walls of Marta Vannini's cottage; Luigi, with wide-open jaws and chest well thrown forward, was bawling out "*La Bella Sorrentina*" with all the power of a magnificent pair of lungs; and presently an exquisitely-formed little head was thrust out from Annunziata's window into the moonlight. The elderly gentleman was so pleased with the whole scene that he thought he would sit down on the wall and watch it for a few minutes while he finished his cigar.

"*Che bella ragazza!*" he ejaculated, under his breath, with a fat, approving smile, as Annunziata nodded and waved her hand to her tuneful swain. He sat and looked and listened till the song had been gone through down to the last word of the last stanza, only giving vent to an occasional shuddering "Ah-h-h!" when Luigi sang flat—as, to tell the truth, he pretty frequently did—and then got up to return to his hotel.

But why does that elderly gentleman suddenly whisk round upon his heels with an exclamation of delight? What causes him to tear off his white Leghorn straw hat, as if in a frenzy, and dash it upon the ground? And why does he presently pounce upon it again, and scamper off towards the hotel as fast as his fat little round legs will carry him? It is only that Annunziata, by way of reply to her lover, has begun to sing one of the songs of the country. Everybody in Sorrento has heard her sing; everybody knows that she sings well, and has a sweet voice; but upon no one have her vocal powers produced such an effect as this before.

The old gentleman clatters noisily up the wooden staircase of the Albergo della Sirena, and bounces into the sitting-room, where his wife, who is twice as fat as himself, lies dozing in an arm-chair.

"My dear!" he gasps, "my dear——"

"Well, Sassi, what is it now?" says she, still only half awake.

"My dear, I have heard the voice of an angel!"

"*Che, che!* There would not be room in heaven for all the angels you have heard, Sassi."

"*Carissima mia*, come and hear! You

shall judge for yourself—you who know what a voice is. It is but two steps from here—a little cottage, not a hundred yards off." And the enthusiastic Sassi seized his ponderous partner by the arm, and attempted to drag her to her feet.

"Decidedly," shrieked that lady, struggling violently, "I do not leave this chair till I go to bed! Let me alone, Sassi; you are causing me great pain and discomfort." And, being released, she flopped heavily back into her former position, with a grunt.

Signor Sassi sighed. "Well, well," he said, "I will bring her here in the morning. You will hear her, and be convinced. I will make the fortune of that girl!"

"Bah!" said the signora, shrugging her shoulders and depressing the corners of her mouth. "You are always going to make somebody's fortune—and what is the result? Remember that girl at Venice whom you took to live with us for six months, and who, as I had already prophesied, turned out to have no more power of understanding music than that table. Remember the tenor, as you called him (though he was really nothing but a barytone), who stole my rings and your cash-box at Ancona. But what is the use of wasting breath on those who will not hear? I suppose this new angel will come and stay with us from to-morrow. I only beg you to notice that I prophesy she will prove to be a failure, and that she will run away with all our clothes into the bargain."

"You will see—you will see," replied old Sassi, nodding his head and closing his eyes with an aspect of serene certainty.

The next morning, while old Marta Vannini was hard at work over the washing, by means of which she lived, somebody rapped at the door with the handle of a stick, and on going to admit her visitor she was somewhat surprised to see an elderly stranger of benevolent aspect, who took off his straw hat and bowed down to the ground.

"Signora," said he, "let me, first of all, felicitate you."

"Your Excellency is very good," replied the wondering Marta, "but with times as hard as they are now, I don't know——"

"You possess a treasure, signora."

"*Santa Madonna!* a treasure! I can assure your Excellency that this is the first I have heard of it."

"You possess a treasure, I was about to say, in your niece."

"Oh!" said Marta, with a lengthened



countenance. "Well, yes; she is a good girl — one cannot complain; but she scarcely pays for her keep; and we poor people have to think of that."

"Not pay for her keep! Woman! is not a voice like hers payment enough for the keep of a whole regiment? Does not your heart leap into your mouth when you hear her sing?"

"But, *caro signor mio*," said old Marta, laughing a little (for she began to suspect that her interlocutor was not quite right in his head), "she is one of those who must work and not sing. One may sing all day long, like a cicala, but that will not bring in money."

"That is precisely where you are mistaken, my good madam; singing will sometimes bring in money enough to buy up the whole of Sorrento. Did you never hear of Alboni, and Grisi, and Malibran?"

No; Marta was unacquainted with any of these names.

"Well, they were ladies who made more money by singing one night at the opera than I suppose you would by washing in a couple of years. What do you think of that?"

"It is extraordinary," said Marta, with a sigh; "but surely, *eccellenza*, you do not mean that our Annunziata could do that!"

"Who knows? I should be better able to tell you if you would permit me to see her and hear her sing for a few minutes."

"Annunziata!" shrieked the old woman in her shrill nasal accents, "leave the washing, and come here. Here is a gentleman who wishes to speak to you."

Annunziata made her appearance, smiling and surprised, and was greeted with much cordiality by Signor Sassi. Like the generality of Italians, she was wholly free from shyness, and though somewhat taken aback by the visitor's request, she made no difficulty about obliging him with a specimen of her musical capabilities. She sang him first one song, then another, and finally, repressing a strong inclination to burst out laughing, consented, for the first time in her life, to be put through her scales. Higher and higher rose the clear, full, true notes till Signor Sassi could no longer contain his delight. He seized Annunziata by both hands, and went near to embracing her in his exultation. "Signorina," he exclaimed, "the world is open to you! A little work — a little perseverance — and everything you touch will turn to gold!" Then he twirled round, and faced the older woman — "And now,

signora," he said, "for a few words with you. I am Signor Sassi — you may perhaps have heard me spoken of?"

But Marta was as ignorant of the fame of Signor Sassi as she had admitted herself to be of Grisi and Alboni. "Hum!" grunted the old gentleman; "I am not altogether obscure, for all that. If chance ever takes you to Paris, London, or Vienna, you will find that Alessandro Sassi, the singing-master, is pretty well known in all those places. Not that I am a singing-master now, — I made money enough, years ago, to keep my wife and myself in comfort, and I have no children. Music and art occupy the place of children in my affections," said the little man, drawing himself up and tapping his breast. "Now this is what I propose to you," he continued. "During the present winter, which I intend to pass at Sorrento, the signorina shall come to me for singing-lessons twice a day — two hours in the morning, one in the afternoon. In the spring I take her, under the care of my wife, to Paris, where we reside; I continue her instruction there, and in the autumn I hope to introduce her to the public. In three years or two years perhaps — who can say? — she will be earning, if I am not mistaken, a considerable salary."

"But, signore," gasped Marta, rather bewildered by the rapidity with which this programme was announced, "who is to pay you for all this?"

Sassi reddened a little. "I do not want money," he answered, in a slightly injured tone; "but you may feel at ease about incurring any obligation from me. The signorina shall repay me all I have spent upon her as soon as she is in a position to do so. And there is another thing. You will want some one to replace her in helping you with your work. I will pay what is necessary to secure you an assistant; and that also can be returned to me in due time. Now, what do you say? Are you contented?"

What could Marta say but that she accepted so liberal an offer with willingness and gratitude, and that Annunziata should begin her lessons as soon as the gentleman pleased? "But what if it turns out a mistake, after all," she suggested, "and all this expense leads to nothing?"

"Then there will be no harm done," replied Sassi, who had now quite recovered his good-humour. "I am well enough off to afford myself a caprice — it will not be the first time." And so Annunziata's destiny was settled.

Luigi Ratta, passing down towards the

shore with his oars over his shoulder, caught a glimpse of the group through the open door. He saw the little fat man, in his black alpaca coat and white jean trousers, talking and gesticulating; he saw Annunziata standing leaning against the table, with her beautiful bare arms hanging down and her hands lightly clasped, gazing out into the sunshine with a pleased, dazed look in her eyes; he saw old Marta grinning from ear to ear with satisfaction; and a cold, undefined feeling of dread, which he often afterwards recalled, crept over him. Nobody noticed him, and he went on his way without his usual morning salutation.

The winter that followed was one of almost unalloyed happiness to Annunziata. Every day she spent three hours at the Albergo della Sirena, working hard at the drudgery of learning to get out her voice, under the auspices of Signor Sassi and his wife, the latter of whom, having been completely vanquished by the beauty of the young peasant girl, as well as by the undoubted excellence of her clear soprano, had now taken up her cause with as much enthusiasm as her more easily moved husband had done. Toiling at the wash-tub till one's back was like to break was now a thing of the past; Aunt Marta was always gracious, dinners at the Sirena, accompanied by unheard-of luxuries in the way of strange wines, were of frequent occurrence; good-natured Madame Sassi had gone into Naples, one day, and returned with a present of two beautiful dresses; everybody was complimentary, polite, and kind. Already some foreshadowing of the glory of success was beginning to make the world brilliant for the young aspirant.

Luigi, on the other hand, was cast down almost into the depths of despair by the changed order of things. He seldom saw Annunziata now; she was forever running over, on one pretext or another, to see her new friends; and although she was always kind and pleasant to Luigi, and seemed glad to see him, he could not but feel that a gulf had already begun to open between them. And if this were so thus early in the business, how would it be when she should have visited distant lands, and sung before vast audiences, and become a great lady — as they said she would do? There were times when Luigi felt that if he could induce the fat little singing-master to accompany him on a sail to Capri, and if he could contrive to upset the boat at a reasonable distance from the shore, it would be a satisfactory and an excusable thing.

But Signor Sassi had been to Capri, and had been grievously sick on the way; inso-much that he had sworn by all he held most sacred to tempt the sea no more.

As for speaking of marriage to a young woman who was all exultant at the thought of quitting her native place and seeing the wonders of the great world, that was clearly out of the question. At the bottom of his heart Luigi nourished a faint hope that the cold and misery of these unknown foreign lands might prove insupportable to one who had been brought up in the warmth and colour and sunlight of Sorrento, and that, after a few months of struggling against the burden of cloudy skies and barbarian habits, Annunziata might gladly and repentantly return to her native Italy. In such an event, how willingly would he throw open the door of his cottage to receive her!

It was not much of a hope to build upon; but such as it was, it served to sustain him when, on a bright April morning, he stood sorrowfully watching the departure of the travelling-carriage that bore away Signor and Signora Sassi and Annunziata on the road to Castellamare. The carriage disappeared in a cloud of dust, taking with it Annunziata and her fortunes to Castellamare — to Naples — to the unknown. Would she ever come back again, Luigi wondered sadly, as he turned to go down to his boat on the shore.

#### CHAPTER II.

WHEN Luigi saw the last of Annunziata, on that spring morning, he determined that he would think about her as little as possible throughout the summer, that he would expect to hear nothing of her, and that he would devote all his time and energy to the saving of money and bettering of his position. He knew that there was no probability of the return of the wanderer before the autumn; and indeed it was to the storms and rain of that season that he principally trusted to bring about the fulfilment of his wishes. Even in the south, autumn is often a dreary time; north of the Alps Luigi supposed that the snow and wind began then, and only ceased with the return of spring.

But notwithstanding all his resolutions, he found that he could in no wise succeed in banishing the image of his absent love from his mind. Whether he was fishing, or mending his nets, eating or drinking, sleeping or waking — in every hour of the long blazing days, and throughout the sultry nights, the same sweet, kind face was always before him; and as the reflections

that arose therefrom could scarcely be of a cheerful nature, Luigi became silent and morose, and sometimes even, as his companions remarked with surprise — for that had never been usual with him — a trifle quarrelsome.

Nor could he keep himself from going every now and then to get what news he could from old Marta Vannini, who did not receive his visits with much cordiality. Marta had begun to dream ambitious dreams with regard to her niece's future, and was disposed to look upon the young fisherman as a decided nuisance. She told him, however, pretty nearly all that she heard, not being able to refrain from imparting such good news to all who cared to listen. Annunziata was in Paris — then in London — then in Paris again; she was studying hard, and getting on admirably. Her voice had been heard in several of the great private houses — the *milordi Inglesi* had been enchanted with her — in Paris she had sung before the Princess A., the Duc de B., and many others. Her appearance in public had been postponed, not from any incapacity on her part, but because Signor Sassi had wished to reserve for her a more brilliant triumph by withholding her from the public till the next London season, when she was to make her *début* at the principal opera of that great city.

All this Luigi heard, and went away with a heavy heart. He greatly feared that the society of dukes and princes would turn the head of the simple peasant girl; and in none of her letters, so far as he knew, had she given any hint of a return to her home in the south.

But with November and the arrival of the cool season came great news. Luigi, on entering Marta's cottage on his usual errand, one evening, was as astonished as he was delighted to be met with the intelligence that Annunziata was expected on a visit to her aunt, and that she would actually make her appearance on the following day. Luigi hardly slept a wink that night. He rose early in the morning, scrubbed himself carefully from head to foot — an operation which I am afraid it must be acknowledged that he did not go through every day — arrayed himself in his best clothes, and then sat indoors doing nothing, till the hour which Marta had named as the probable time of her niece's arrival was past. With a great effort of will, he succeeded in keeping within his own house for half an hour longer — for he thought it would not perhaps be quite the thing to pay a lady a visit immediately

on her reaching the end of a long journey. Then he set out on the familiar road, and found, to his surprise, that his heart was beating fast, and that his hands were damp and cold. "I never knew I was a coward before," thought poor Luigi ruefully.

When he entered the well-known room there was such a buzzing in his ears, and such a mist before his eyes that he scarcely knew where he was or what he was doing; nor did he, for a moment or two, recognize in the elegantly dressed young lady who was seated by the window the barefooted companion of his childhood. The young lady, however, recognized him, and as she had no reason to feel embarrassed, was not slow in her greeting. She ran up to him, holding out both her hands, with the bright smile that he remembered so well.

"You dear, good Luigi!" she exclaimed, "I knew you would come as soon as you heard I was here. And how are you? And what have you been doing all these long, weary months? Has the fishing been good? Why have you put on your Sunday clothes, you foolish boy? I like you best in your every-day dress. Do you think I have become such a fine lady that my own best friends must dress up when I come to see them? I have not got the clothes I used to wear, or I would put them on while I am here. *La zia* has killed a fowl, and is gone out to cut salad for my supper — is it not silly of her? Now sit down there, and tell me all the news from the beginning to the end. Where is your guitar? I thought you would bring it, and sing '*La Bella Sorrentina*' as you used to do. But perhaps you have found another *bella Sorrentina* now?"

Luigi was pleased, happy — perhaps, too, a little overpowered. He had hardly expected to be greeted so warmly. But he sat down, as he was bid, and presently began to talk in his deep, soft voice, answering the questions that had been put to him in order.

"There is but one *bella Sorrentina*," he said; "and as for news, I do not think there is any to tell. You will have heard that old Giuseppe is dead of an apoplexy, and that Marco Naldi is betrothed to the daughter of Masucci, the blacksmith at Torre del Greco. For myself, I have done pretty well in the way of business, thanks be to the saints! — and that I think is all; except that the sun ceased to shine the day you left, signorina, and that we have had neither sunshine, nor flow-

ers, nor song of birds since then till now."

Annunziata laughed. "What a pretty compliment!" she said. "No one understands paying compliments as we Italians do. The French are too formal and forced; the Germans are too clumsy; and as for the English, they never pay compliments at all. But you are not to call me 'signorina,' if you please. Have you forgotten my name already?"

"I will call you Annunziata, if I may; I did not know whether you would like it. They paid you many compliments then—those foreign counts and dukes?"

Annunziata burst into one of her old hearty laughs. "An enormous number!" she said. "Luigi, you are a true Italian! It is lucky you were not with me in Paris. If you get jealous when I mention that strangers have made pretty speeches to me, what would you have done if you had heard them made? I believe you would have been capable of thrusting your knife into some of those poor young men."

"That is quite possible," remarked Luigi gloomily. "Annunziata," he resumed abruptly, after a short pause, "I have it on my mind to say something to you, and perhaps it had better be done at once!"

"Oh! no, dear Luigi—not if it is anything disagreeable! Do not say it—do not spoil my first day at home!"

"It is not disagreeable that I know of—only I suppose it will be of no use. I want you to say you will marry me some day—there!"

"Oh, but, Luigi, you know that cannot be."

"Cannot be? I do not know that it cannot be. Why should it not be? Because I am poor, too ignorant, too common for you? You did not always think so. But I suppose nothing less than a duke or a prince will suit you nowadays."

"Ah! now you want to quarrel with me; but I will not quarrel. Listen, Luigi, and try not to be so hard and unjust. My life is no longer my own to dispose of. Signor Sassi has given me money, clothes, teaching—everything; and I must go on the stage, if it were only to repay him. I do not say that I would give up my profession now if I could—I would not. But you must see that I cannot, and that it is cruel and absurd to ask me to do such a thing."

"But I do not ask you to do it now. I only ask you to give me hope. Only say that in two or three years you will be my wife, and I shall be the happiest man in

all Italy. Annunziata, if you will not promise me that, I believe I shall go and drown myself!"

Annunziata burst into tears. "I cannot promise it—I cannot," she sobbed. "How can I tell whether I shall be free in two or three years to leave the stage? Very likely people will only then be beginning to listen to me. I don't want to marry anybody. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish there was no such thing as marrying in the world!"

Luigi was very much moved and humiliated at her distress. He dropped on his knees before her, clasping his hands. "Forgive me, my dear, forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I was rough and rude; but you do not know how I have suffered. You may sing at the opera to the day of your death, if you will, if only you will give me the right to go where you go, and live where you live. I need very little to live upon, as you know. I shall always be able to earn my own living, and no one need see me or hear of me but you. I could pass as your servant, if you wished it. God knows you could not have a more devoted one!"

Annunziata looked up, half-smiling through her tears. "As if I could let my husband occupy such a position as that! Believe me, dear Luigi, it is impossible. It is not your fault, nor mine; but our lives must be separate. I cannot come back to the old life here, nor could you be happy among the people I shall have to associate with."

"I know I am not fit to mix with your friends; but I can learn. I will take lessons in reading and writing—I will educate myself. Why should I not learn to be a gentleman, since you have become a lady?"

Annunziata saw a loophole of escape, and rushed at it. "If you really mean that, Luigi," she said—"if you could do that—but it will take a long time, you know—still, if you can learn to talk and behave as gentlemen do, so that you can associate with them without being unhappy—I might, in three years or so—but no! I will make no promises. It would be wrong to promise. Three years is such a long time, and so many things may happen—"

But this encouragement, slight and vague as it was, sufficed to transform the despondent Luigi into a radiant and exultant conqueror. He started to his feet, and paced to and fro in the little room, beaming with happiness. "Now I have something to live for!" he shouted.

"Now I can face the whole world! And I will learn quick enough—oh, I am not such a stupid fellow as I look! Three years! What are three years? I would wait three centuries. Oh, Annunziata, dear Annunziata, what a happy day this is!"

And he stepped towards her, as if he would have taken her in his arms.

But she drew back. "Remember, I have promised nothing," she said. "And, Luigi, I make one condition—you must speak no more of this to me so long as I am here."

Luigi made no protest against the injustice of imposing conditions when no engagement had been entered into. He sighed, and yielded; and so well did he keep his word that no further expression of love escaped his lips during the week that Annunziata spent in her native village. Some eloquent looks he did indulge in; but of these she either was, or affected to be, unconscious.

In spite of the restriction placed upon him, Luigi enjoyed to the full every hour of those glorified, but alas! too swift-footed, seven days. Annunziata was so gracious, so kind, so merry, so like her old self; she seemed to take such pleasure in going over all their old haunts with him, and in sailing in his boat under the shadow of the cliffs that the orange-trees and olives hang over, that the young fisherman felt himself in an earthly paradise, and would gladly have consented to lead the same kind of life forever. Once, by dint of much pressing, he was induced to get his guitar out from its hiding-place, and sing "*La Bella Sorrentina*;" but he would not do so a second time. "You have learnt music now, and know that I have neither ear nor voice," he said. And so the guitar was put away again.

The fatal day of departure came; and Annunziata, as she leant back in the carriage, covering her face with her hands and sobbing as only an Italian woman can, almost wished that she never had been tempted to leave her tranquil home at Sorrento at all. It was a natural feeling; and doubtless it was equally natural that she should overcome it as soon as she was in the train flying northwards towards Signor Sassi, and wealth and distinction, leaving Luigi, poverty, and peace behind.

She spent that winter at Milan, working harder than she had ever done yet, learning, practising, and rehearsing over and over again, with the indefatigable Sassi to encourage her, and a host of critics, professional and amateur, to praise her and

prophesy for her a glorious career. The manager of the English opera came, in the course of the winter, to hear her, and expressed himself very strongly as to her improvement since she had left London. In the spring she was taken to England; and then, at last, the momentous day dawned on which, for the first time, she was to sing before a public audience.

The opera that had been chosen for her was Mozart's "*Flauto Magico*," and her rôle was that of the "Queen of the Night," a part which perhaps was never before selected for a *débutante*. It will be remembered that the "Queen of the Night," though she appears but three times in the course of the whole opera, and remains on the stage only for a few minutes on each occasion, has, during those few minutes, a task to perform of which many of the most famous *prime donne* have been found incapable. The part can only be taken by a pure soprano of almost abnormal compass, and any lady who undertakes to fill it may feel assured that she will produce a sensation—either on account of complete failure, or of equally complete success.

Now Signor Sassi, knowing that his pupil was capable of accomplishing this feat, and knowing also how great would be the fame that would attend her achievement of it, had not been able to resist the temptation of risking much on the hazard of her triumph. She had sung and acted the part over and over again, not only to him but to several other competent judges, and he thought he was justified in the venture. Nevertheless, considering the youth and total inexperience of the performer, it was not surprising that many of Annunziata's friends were terribly nervous when the important evening arrived, and the opera-house began to fill.

Signor Sassi, who was behind the scenes, was very pale, and his hand shook, though he endeavoured to keep up a demeanour of jaunty carelessness; the manager himself looked worried and anxious; Signora Sassi was perspiring in the stalls, fanning herself vigorously with a huge fan, and keeping up her courage by sniffing at a bottle of strong, sweet scent, whereby much ill feeling was engendered amongst her immediate neighbours. The coolest of them all was the principal person concerned, who, oddly enough, was perfectly at her ease, calm and self-confident. She was conscious of no other feeling than an intense desire to succeed, and a strong determination and belief that she would succeed.



The last notes of the overture sounded, the curtain rose, and the opera began. With just a slight and not unpleasant tremor, Annunziata felt that there was now no retreat possible for her. She set her teeth, and her breath came quickly for a moment or two, but she was quite composed again before it became necessary for her to step out and face the audience.

Many people may remember the thrill of surprise that ran through the whole house when the Vannini for the first time appeared upon the boards where she has since become so well known. Her graceful carriage, her self-possession and her marvellous beauty, set off by the diaphanous draperies she wore and the diamond stars that rested, like a coronet, upon her masses of dark hair, filled every one there with amazement. In an unbroken silence she began to sing. Clear, round, and sweet each note rose, filling the vast building without apparently any effort to the singer, and several heads in the stalls began to nod approvingly. But Signora Sassi, who knew that this beginning was mere child's play, was scarlet in the face, and fanned away more violently than ever. Then came rippling runs and trills, and there was a murmur of applause, as will sometimes be the case with English audiences, even in the middle of a solo. The Vannini went on singing like a nightingale; and higher and higher rose her voice, till Signora Sassi dropped her fan and grasped her neighbour's arm with a force that nearly made the poor man cry out. The critical moment had come; the note—the great note—the wonderful, terrible note—was out, and out successfully. The signora, feeling as though she had had an operation performed upon her, sank back with a sigh of relief, and almost immediately the *aria* came to an end.

Then the applause began—a roll and a rattle that swelled and grew till the Vannini was frightened at the thunder she had evoked. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled: applause was intoxicating to her then—it does not occasion her much emotion now.

She had to sing her song twice again, and poor Signor Sassi passed a very agitated quarter of an hour; but all went off well, and then the successful *cantatrice* was free to receive the congratulations of her friends behind the scenes, and to repose herself till her second appearance in the third act. In this also she was triumphant. She left the theatre with the applause still ringing in her ears, followed by Sassi, whose arms were filled with

bouquets; nor was there probably a happier supper-party in all London that evening, than was formed by the good singing-master and his wife and their fortunate pupil.

Such was the opening of the great Signorina Vannini's career. The details of that career cannot here be dwelt upon—space being insufficient; nor indeed did Annunziata's life differ much thenceforward from that usually led by the distinguished members of her profession. In the course of the two following years she sang at all the great capitals of Europe, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. There was much pleasure in her life, plenty of work, some excitement, and also some anxiety. But she made a great deal of money; and we may be sure that one of the first things she did was to place her old aunt, Marta Vannini, in a position of ease and comfort. If amid the din and turmoil of the world she became a little forgetful of some of her old friends at Sorrento, I do not think any one can wonder or blame her much. But she blamed herself when, returning home one evening at Paris, after singing at the Italian Opera, a letter was put into her hand, signed "Luigi Ratta." Alas! had she not almost forgotten Luigi's very existence?

### CHAPTER III.

Now Luigi, mindful of Annunziata's promise—or half-promise—had resolved, immediately upon her departure, that he would henceforward set himself heart and soul to work at the task of learning to be a gentleman. Reading, writing, and a trifle of arithmetic he had already been taught, after a fashion; but something more than this would, he presumed, be necessary before he could be considered fit to associate with foreign dukes and princes. He therefore began by closely observing the manners and demeanour of the rich *forestieri* who frequented Sorrento during the winter months, and who often hired his boat to sail over to Capri and the famous Blue Grotto; but after long and conscientious study, he found himself unable to obtain any hints from them. That there was a difference between his ways and theirs he could easily see, but in what it consisted he could not, for the life of him, discover; nor did he think that he should ever succeed in imitating those gentlemen with any appearance of ease.

In this perplexity he decided on applying to one Antonio Bassano, surnamed



Bottiglia, who in those parts enjoyed a great reputation for sagacity and knowledge of the world, and who, according to his own account, was a man of much culture and refined education. He owed his nickname partly to an alleged penchant for drink and partly to the peculiarity of his figure. He was a wizened, wrinkled old man, who should by rights have been lean, but who, by a freak of nature, had become afflicted with a stomach of the bow-window order; so that, with his long neck and spherical body, he did bear some resemblance to the bottles in which many of the South-Italian wines are kept. He lodged in Sorrento, and lived principally at the expense of his neighbours, contriving to accept favours in such a manner as to convey the impression that the donor was the obliged party.

To this astute person Luigi presented himself abruptly, one evening.

"Bottiglia," said he, "I want you to teach me to behave like a gentleman. How long will it take you, and what will you charge?"

"A gentleman, indeed!" exclaimed Bottiglia, looking up over his horn spectacles with infinite scorn. "Have you come into a fortune, then, Luigi Ratta?"

"What has that to do with it? I tell you what I want, and I offer to pay for it. If you don't like the job, or can't do it, say so, and I will go somewhere else."

"Gently, gently, my dear young friend; do not let us lose our tempers this warm weather. Well, I will do my best with you, and certainly you were right to come to me; perhaps there is no other man within twenty miles who could have helped you as I can. But what in the world you should wish to be like a gentleman for—you who are a simple fisherman, and never will be anything else—"

"Never mind that, Bottiglia. Now what payment will you ask?"

Upon this question there was rather a lengthy discussion, each man trying to get the better of the other, after the time-honoured Italian fashion; but finally it was amicably arranged that Luigi should provide his preceptor with supper three times a week, on which occasions the latter was to give the benefit of his experience in the matter of deportment and polite conversation, while one evening in every week was to be devoted to the study of caligraphy and literature, at an outlay of one *lira* per lesson—the mental strain demanded from the teacher, on such occasions, being, as Bottiglia pointed out, excessive.

The compact was rigorously observed on both sides for a time; but it soon became evident that that part of it which related to the outward appearance and conduct of a gentleman was hardly likely to prove a success. Luigi, after practising bowing, handing a chair, leaving and entering a room, opening the door for a lady, and so forth, during three weeks, was fain to give it up as a bad job. He burst into a roar of laughter one night, when old Antonio was backing and posturing before him, and throwing himself into a chair, declared he would play the fool in this way no longer.

"It is no use, Bottiglia," he said. "You will never make me into a noble signor. I am as God created me, and so I must remain. After all, what does it signify whether a man bows in this way or in that, so that he does what is civil?"

"Alas! yes," sighed Antonio. "You cannot turn a thistle into a rose, or an ass (without meaning to be offensive to you) into an Arab steed. You are a common man, my poor Luigi—a very common man; and I fear that, as you say, there is little use in trying to refine you. Now to me, on the other hand, refinement and elegance are as a second nature; but then, to be sure, I am of noble descent. I could mention names among my relatives that would astonish you, were it not that boasting is a thing foreign to my temperament. But," continued Antonio, having an eye to his suppers, "it is early days to despair yet. Let us continue our course; perhaps in the end, I may yet make you presentable."

"No, no," answered Luigi; "it is a waste of time and trouble. You shall read to me instead, and improve my mind."

Bottiglia did not quite approve of this suggestion, which entailed a greater amount of exertion on his part than he had bargained for; but he gave in at length, in consideration of a somewhat increased allowance of wine, and thenceforth regularly produced, after supper, some greasy dog's-eared volume which he had picked up for a few *soldi*, and read from it, in a monotonous, sing-song voice, till his auditor was fast asleep—a consummation which it seldom took more than a quarter of an hour to effect. Sometimes it was Tasso, sometimes Ariosto, sometimes a novel, and sometimes a newspaper. It did not greatly signify; the result was always the same, and was considered equally satisfactory by both parties concerned.

Thus, in a slow, dogged fashion, Luigi

set about the work of his education, having always before him a dim expectation that Annunziata would one day come back to Sorrento, be satisfied with the progress he had made, and consent to their speedy nuptials. That it might be well for him to seek her out was an idea that had not as yet suggested itself to him. He certainly was a young man of remarkable patience.

From old Marta, who was now in easy circumstances, thanks to the money sent her by her niece, he got occasional news of the triumphs of his beloved. Messages, too, were frequently transmitted to him from her at first; but as time went on these messages became rarer and rarer, and at last ceased altogether.

"She does not mention your name," Marta would say, impatiently, in answer to his repeated inquiries. "What would you have? She has other things and other people to think of now."

And then Luigi would walk sadly away, with his head bent down, and would not unfrequently quarrel with Bottiglia afterwards. He had long since confided his hopes to that worthy, who had laughed them to scorn till he found that by doing so he was in danger of losing his pupil, when he had, of course, adopted a different line of conduct. It was he who suggested that Luigi should write a letter to the absent fair one, and who undertook to compose for him such a one as should at once touch the heart of the recipient, and show her that the writer was a man of education and acquainted with the best literary style.

The letter, as despatched to Annunziata and received by her at Paris, ran as follows:—

"SORRENTO, January 18—.

"MOST ESTEEMED SIGNORINA,

"If the pleasures and gaieties of the fashionable world in which you move pre-eminent, like the moon among the stars, afford you time to cast a momentary glance backward to the rural scenes where your early years were passed, you may, I venture to hope, call to mind the name of the humblest and most devoted of your slaves. But I do not for one moment suppose that you can have forgotten me so soon.

"Fain would I strive to rouse in your bosom some interest in the concerns of the village which has the envied privilege of being your birthplace by recounting to you some matters of local importance; but, alas! signorina, there is but little to tell. Unlike that of the great cities of

which you are the distinguished ornament, life in our sequestered valley (that is only a literary way of speaking — we do not, as you are aware, live in a valley) glides on tranquilly and smoothly, and each day is but the counterpart of that which has preceded it. Rather will I risk the accusation of egotism, and detain your attention for a few moments while I speak to you of myself.

"Following your wise and excellent counsel, signorina, I have of late devoted myself to the study of science and the arts, and I trust you will not accuse me of vanity when I add that I have not laboured altogether in vain. What success I have achieved I must ascribe entirely to the invaluable aid of Signor Antonio Bassano (you remember old Bottiglia), a gentleman in reduced circumstances, but of noble birth. So, at least, he says; but your aunt Marta declares she remembers his father, who kept a small wine-shop at Naples.

"Assisted by his most valuable instruction, I have become acquainted with both ancient and modern literature; and I cannot but think that the present letter — all unpretending as it is — will serve to show you that I am no longer the ignorant fisherman from whom you parted nearly three years ago. I wonder whether you remember that day as well as I do! It is not three years, but only two years and two months; but I did not say so for fear of spoiling the sentence.

"And now, signorina, that I may not weary you with too many words, let me at once approach the subject that is nearest to my heart. You know how passionate, how deep, how unalterable has been the affection that I have borne you ever since the time when, in our happy childhood, we sported together on the sandy shores of the azure Mediterranean. Say, oh say that the hopes which have buoyed me up for so long are not to be ruthlessly dashed to the ground! Break not the faithful heart that beats but for you! And believe that among all the aspiring lovers that doubtless surround you, there breathes none more true — none more impassioned than of your ladyship.

"The most obedient, most humble servant,  
LUIGI RATTÀ.

"*Postscriptum.* — In truth, Annunziata, if you have forgotten your promise to me, my life will be over. The first letter I wrote contained a good deal more than this, but it seemed to me over long, so I have cut it short a little — especially towards the end. — L. R."

It will be seen that Luigi had taken some liberties with Bottiglia's composition.

A week later he received the following reply :—

"PARIS, January 18—.

"DEAREST LUIGI,

"I have received your good, kind letter, and rejoice to hear of your welfare; but if you write to me again, as I hope you will, you must not let your friend, Signor Antonio, compose your letter for you. I like your own style much better than his. I suppose all that nonsense about love and broken hearts was his, was it not?

"I do not quite understand what you mean by the promise you speak of in the postscript, but I hope—oh! dear Luigi, I do hope—that you cannot really think I ever engaged myself to marry you. Such a thing would have been impossible—we never could have been happy as man and wife; and indeed it is wrong of me even to speak of such a thing now; for I am engaged to be married, and the ceremony is to take place very shortly. My future husband is the Comte de Chagny, a French gentleman. I know you will wish me all good fortune in this new state of life, and I shall be so pleased if you will send me a letter—written all by yourself this time—to say so.

"And now, dear Luigi, I must say adieu. I am, and always shall be,

"Your most affectionate friend,

"ANNUNZIATA VANNINI."

Luigi received this letter at the post-office, and read it in the street. When he had come to the last words he rammed his hat down over his eyes, and set off, with rather an unsteady step, to walk home. At his own door he met old Antonio, who accosted him with a pleasant inquiry as to whether he had heard yet from his lady-love. The next moment Bottiglia found himself lying on his back in the street, and, on picking himself up, with much impiety of language, caught a glimpse of Luigi entering his own house, the door of which he shut and locked behind him.

And that was the last Sorrento ever saw of Luigi Ratta.

#### CHAPTER IV.

As may be supposed, Annunziata got no answer to the rather ill-worded and confused note she had sent to Luigi. Perhaps she had hardly expected to receive any; and yet she was disappointed when none came. She was conscious of

having—however innocently, and with whatever good intentions—behaved ill to her old playmate. She ought, as she now felt, to have been more firm with him during that interview when he had pleaded so hard for impossibilities. She ought not to have allowed him to suppose, for an instant, that she could ever be brought to marry him. But he had looked so unhappy—and so handsome; and it had been so much easier and pleasanter to make a compromise than to quarrel. And then she tried to stifle her qualms of conscience by the reflection that she had expressly and emphatically stated that she would give no promise. Still she could not feel quite happy about Luigi; and there were moments when she almost regretted the last few years of her life, and half doubted whether it might not have been better for her and for everybody if she had lived and died obscure, married the honest fisherman, and never seen more of the world than that loveliest portion of it, the Bay of Naples.

But it was now far too late in the day to indulge in such thoughts as these. She was going to marry the Comte de Chagny, a middle-aged young man of sporting proclivities and diminished fortune, who had lived every year of the twenty that had elapsed since his first introduction to Parisian society. She was going to marry this easy-going, rather broken-down gentleman, who had fallen a little in love with her beautiful face, and very much in love with her money-bags, and with whom she, for her part, was assuredly not in love at all.

There were, however, circumstances which made it almost necessary that Annunziata should marry somebody—and why not this one, who seemed polite and kind-hearted, as well as another? Signor Sassi was getting old, and the signora became more unwieldy every day. It was no longer possible for the worthy couple to rush from Paris to St. Petersburg, from St. Petersburg to Berlin, and from Berlin to London, according to the erratic movements of the young *prima donna*; yet Sassi did not like the idea of her travelling alone, or only with a lady-companion. Marriage seemed the only way out of the difficulty; and so, when the Comte de Chagny placed his title, his debts, and his still handsome person at her feet, the Vannini accepted the whole of this valuable lot, only stipulating that she should be allowed to remain on the stage. M. de Chagny made no objection whatever to this. To have insisted on his wife's re-

tirement would have seemed to him like killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

The wedding took place in the spring, so as to allow the newly-married couple six weeks or so to themselves between the close of the Paris opera season and the commencement of the London one; and Annunziata, who had of late been possessed by an intense longing to revisit her native place, had little difficulty in persuading her husband to take her, for those few weeks, to Italy. M. de Chagny, always ready to be agreeable to others so long as no inconvenience to himself was entailed thereby, declared that no country could be more charming to him than that to which his wife belonged by birth; and thus it was that, in the month of April, Annunziata found herself once more in Sorrento.

Her first visit was, of course, paid to her aunt Marta, and almost her first inquiry was about Luigi Ratta. Old Marta shook her head and sighed. "Luigi is gone!" she said.

"Gone! What—away from Sorrento?"

"Yes, *carina*, he has gone away from Sorrento. I fear he has not turned out well, that poor Luigi. But *che vuoi*? It is not everybody that can make a fortune, as you have done. Let us talk of something else."

"I can talk of nothing till you tell me what has become of Luigi. Did he go to the coral-fishery?"

"Yes, yes—to the coral-fishery, no doubt. To be sure that was it! He had lost money, *poverino*, and so he went away for a little to try and make some elsewhere. He will be back in good time—never fear."

Marta made this statement seeing tears in her niece's eyes, and not wishing to tell her the truth, lest she should distress her. Annunziata knew that the old woman was lying, but knew also that she would now continue to lie, after the calm and innocent fashion of her nation, and that no amount of questioning would serve to elicit the truth. She did not, therefore, make any further attempt on *la zia*; but she cross-questioned Bottiglia, and many others—without, however, getting much information out of them. There was a mystery about Luigi, which every one was determined to keep from her; and that was all she could discover.

Annunziata and her husband remained ten days at Sorrento, and then left for Amalfi, which place M. de Chagny was

anxious to see. On account of the heat of the weather, it was agreed that the drive should be taken by night. The moon was at the full, so that, as Annunziata said, they would be able to distinguish the scenery as well as in broad daylight. But she had forgotten to notice at what hour the moon set—the consequence of which was that, before half the distance had been accomplished, the travellers were enveloped in murky darkness.

"Your country may be very charming, *ma toute belle*," said the count, "but, for anything we can distinguish of it, we might as well be in the tunnel at Posilipo."

"I am so sorry," said Annunziata laughing, "but presently we shall be on the other side of the mountains, and then we shall have the stars and the sea to look at."

"But I have seen the stars and the sea so many times before!" said the count plaintively. "I think, if you will permit me, I will go to sleep!"

Annunziata readily gave the desired permission, and resting her elbow on the carriage door, and her chin on her hand, gazed out into the soft, warm, southern night. The mountains rose high on either side of the road; the stars were twinkling far overhead; the olives and the stone-pines were whispering to each other, just as they used to do in the old days so long ago, when she and Luigi ran wild over the hills together. Poor Luigi! what had become of him, and why had things gone wrong with him? Ah, she feared she could answer that last question only too easily. She sighed. "Why does he love like that?" she muttered to herself. "It is very foolish; other men never do so. As for my poor dear De Chagny, I suppose he does not even know what love means."

She turned round, with a half smile, to look at poor dear De Chagny, who was stretched, sound asleep, at her side—and that was the last thing she remembered doing till she found herself lying down in the carriage, her maid rubbing her hands and her husband looking anxiously into her face. She jumped up immediately into a sitting posture, and rubbed her eyes. They were driving at a rapid pace down the road leading to Amalfi.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "I am quite well. Did I faint?"

"No," replied her husband, who looked a little pale and disturbed, "not exactly; but we have had an adventure. Perhaps I had better not tell you till we get in."

"No, no; tell me now. I never felt better in my life."

"Well then," said the count, "some of your amiable countrymen have been robbing us. I woke up to find the carriage stopped, and you lying back insensible, your face covered by a handkerchief which I afterwards found to be soaked with chloroform. Half-a-dozen scoundrels were standing round the maid, whom they were about serving in the same manner, and the coachman was on his knees in the road, saying his prayers. I understand that such is the custom of the country."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Annunziata, clasping her hands, "they were banditti!"

"Banditti, my dear, of the purest type. Costumes of the old style—long cloaks, leather thongs round their legs, and steeple-crowned hats. Nothing could have been better put on the stage; but their manners left much to be desired. They gave me to understand that I was to be carried off to the mountains and kept till I was ransomed; and, *ma foi!* I was preparing myself to go—being unarmed and powerless—when a great strapping fellow of six foot three interfered on my behalf, and after a fierce wrangle with his companions, which I had some hope might end in their all stabbing one another, motioned me to get into the carriage again. They then kicked the coachman, and we resumed our journey. But they have carried off every article of luggage we possess. I stand before you the owner of not so much as a toothbrush. Admit that the position is comical!"

"My diamonds!" exclaimed Annunziata, in a voice of poignant anguish—and I am sure every lady will sympathize with her in her bereavement.

"The very first thing they took, my dear," said the count calmly. "Annoying—but inevitable. Perhaps diamonds are not exactly the thing to travel with in your charming country. This, I suppose, is Amalfi. Well, one comfort is that we cannot well be robbed again on our return journey! I wonder whether the landlord here can provide me with a nightshirt and a bit of soap."

Leaving her husband to make investigations on this subject, Annunziata, as soon as she arrived at the inn, went up to her room to have a good cry over the fate of her jewels; for, rich as she was, the loss was a heavy one, and she knew enough of her native land to be aware of the extreme improbability of her ever recovering her property.

After she had bewailed herself for some time, she began to undress, and as she did so, a scrap of folded paper fell out of the front of her dress. She picked it up, and found that it contained these words, hastily scrawled in pencil: "If you want your diamonds, and have the courage to come for them, be at Ravello *alone* to-morrow evening, just after sunset!" Evidently this note must have been thrust into her dress by one of the brigands while she was insensible.

Annunziata never hesitated about keeping the appointment, not supposing that any harm could be intended to her, and being aware that she must be tolerably safe in Ravello, a moderately-sized village, before nightfall. Nevertheless she thought it might be wiser not to let her husband know of this strange communication. He would either forbid her to go, or would insist upon accompanying her; and the paper expressly said that she was to go alone.

On the following day she accordingly feigned to be too ill and upset by the events of the previous evening to undertake a fresh journey for the next twenty-four hours.

"As you will, my dear," said M. de Chagny resignedly; "I only beg you to remember that I am shirtless, brushless, razorless, and cigarless, and that the food in this enchanting spot, with the exception of the macaroni, is of the most execrable."

"We will leave as early as you like to-morrow morning," said Annunziata; and her husband sauntered off to stretch himself full length upon the beach—to see but not to admire the lovely view—to throw stones into the sea and long for the slow hours to pass.

Towards evening Annunziata left her room, locking the door behind her and hoping the count would imagine it to be fastened on the inside, and slipped out of the house unobserved.

Ravello stands on the heights above Amalfi, and the footpath that leads to it lies through a rocky, wooded ravine, lonely enough, but not alarming to a courageous lady in quest of her diamonds in broad daylight. Annunziata climbed the hill with her light, elastic step, determined to reach the rendezvous before sunset. She was already within a short distance of the village when she became aware of a man wrapped in a long cloak, who was sitting on a rock by the wayside with his back turned towards her. She was tripping quickly past him; but he rose,



placed himself full in her path, and removed his hat.

"Luigi!" she exclaimed, starting back.

"Here are your diamonds!" said he; and he held out the morocco case which contained those jewels, as he spoke. Annunziata grasped it involuntarily, but almost immediately let it fall to the ground.

"Oh, Luigi!" she exclaimed, "what has made you do this?"

"It is scarcely you, *signora contessa*, who should put that question to me," he replied quietly.

"Oh, what a miserable woman I am!" she burst out, throwing herself down on the bank and beginning to cry bitterly. "I meant to do what was best—I did indeed! How could I know you would take things so to heart? I told you I could promise nothing—you must remember that. Oh, why should you have cared for me so much! There are so many others whom you might have married, and who would have made you far happier than I could. I meant to do what was kindest—and this is how it has ended!" And the tears poured down her cheeks.

Luigi looked at her sadly and calmly, and with just a faint touch of contempt, she thought.

"I have thought over that, and over many things lately," he said; "and I do not blame you. You intended to be kind—only you did not understand. I suppose you could not understand. I was in a hell of despair for a long time; but that is all over now, and I see that you are right, and that we never could have been happy together. Our robbing you was an accident. I had no notion that you were in these parts, or I might have prevented it. As it is, I have been able to restore you your diamonds under pretence of going down to Naples to dispose of them; but the rest of your property I am afraid you will have to lose. And now, signora, I must bid you good-bye."

"Oh, no, Luigi—not like this! Can I do nothing for you? Can I not save you from this dreadful life? See—here are my diamonds; take them—they are worth a great deal of money—enough to enable you to begin again in some other part of the country, and live honestly and happily."

Luigi shook his head with a smile. "I am greatly obliged to you, signora," he said, "but I am in no need of money; and as for 'this dreadful life,' I mean to abandon it to-morrow. Do you love your husband?"

"Of course," replied she, a little confused by this abrupt change of topic.

"I thought he looked a little old for you; but he seemed a good-natured fellow. Now you must go; it is getting too dark for you to be out alone. Good-bye, Annunziata—God bless you! Don't think of me any more."

"But Luigi," she pleaded through her tears, "you will let me hear from you?"

"No, signora; it will be better not. You understand that I must conceal myself for some time to come."

He turned to go, but suddenly faced about again, took her in his arms, and kissed her gently on the forehead. Then without another word, he walked quickly away up the hill.

Annunziata watched his tall figure striding away in the twilight till he was out of sight; and then she picked up her diamonds, and ran back to Amalfi. Luigi had not told her that escape from the mountains for so well-known a criminal as he had become was almost an impossibility, nor had he mentioned that his comrades, on his return to them without diamonds or money, would most assuredly put him to death as a traitor. But he was himself well aware of both facts, and was glad that it should be so—the world having now no attraction left in it strong enough to make him wish for life. His body was found, stabbed to the heart, in a wood near Ravello, a few days later; by which time the Comte and Comtesse de Chagny had, fortunately, left that part of the country.

The discovery of a murdered man more or less is not, or was not at any rate in those days, so unusual an incident in the neighbourhood of Amalfi as to create much stir beyond the immediate vicinity; and it was long before Annunziata became aware that when she had parted from her former lover on the hillside, he had left her only to go to his death.

M. de Chagny still relates the story of his adventure with the brigands of Amalfi, and the romantic generosity with which one of these rascals, dazzled by the beauty of the celebrated Vannini, made an appointment with her for the purpose of restoring her her diamonds. "It was a veritable Claude Duval affair," says the count, "and is one of the most amusing reminiscences of our delightful Italian journey; but we have not been back there since; and as for my wife, she seems to have taken the country in horror."

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

IN no region close to civilization can the enthusiastic sportsman find more varied and noble game than in that large extent of country belonging to the North-Western Provinces of our Indian Empire which lies between the Ganges and the Soane in the district of Mirzapore. This may be roughly described as a table-land of old red sandstone rising on the north-west towards the slopes of the Vindhyah range, and on the south often falling abruptly some fifteen hundred or two thousand feet from the crests of the Kaimore Mountains to the valley of the Soane. Ghazee-pore, Benares, and Allahabad fringe the northern skirts of this territory, connected for greater convenience by railway communication, so that the *shikarri* may here shoot tigers in a jungle till towards noon, and repose at night amidst all the comforts of Indian station-life. If he would extend the range of his operations, let him seek the central highlands south of the Nerbudda, with the Taptee and Mahanuddy rivers respectively on the west and east, comprising a wonderfully diversified country extending over the Meykul range, the Mahadéo and the Satpura Mountains. The Great Indian Peninsula railway has a branch to Nagpore, which runs along the south of this district. In these two territories tigers, bears, wild buffaloes, swine, deer, antelopes, panthers, may be procured in abundance. Our sportsman might easily secure greater slaughter among the countless herds of bison on the head-waters of the Arkansas or Nebraska rivers; he might slay larger and more powerful game amongst the lions, elephants, and hippopotami of the Zambesi, or in the swamps round Lake Tanganyika; but he will nowhere meet a fiercer antagonist than the royal Bengal tiger, and he will perhaps nowhere obtain more abundant and diversified bags than in the districts named.

In their rough rocky solitudes he may expect bears, which, as a rule, are not partial to jungle. Here too, if fortunate, he may light upon a leopard surprised outside its favourite cavern or stony fastness. The wild dogs hunt in packs through the forests. In October and November multitudes of snipe and wildfowl arrive from the frozen wilds of Central Asia upon the *jheels* and swamps, to say nothing of the ordinary game-birds of India which abound in the autumnal stubble-fields, in

the vicinity of villages and the hillsides. Among the cultivated lands after nightfall, and in the tracts of grazing-ground by day, that noble quarry the black antelope (*Antelope cervicapra*), the well-known "black buck" of Indian sportsmen, is abundant. On wooded slopes the nilgae (*Portax pictus*) is commonly met, together with the chikara or Indian gazelle (*Gazella Bennettii*), the spotted deer, the sambur, the four-horned antelope, the hog-deer, the barking-deer, and others of the cervine race. Then wolves, wild pigs, porcupines, wood and green pigeons, ortolans, the broad-snouted *magar* (or crocodile of the Central Provinces), the mighty bison, and many others offer endless excitement to the hunter. What more could the most ardent sportsman desire? Monarch over every description of locality in these two districts, however, and only fearing the bison, roams the Bengal tiger, of which so many sporting-anecdotes are told. We purpose, after giving a general account of his habits and life-history, to follow the footsteps of some renowned shikarries in search of him through the Mirzapore and Satpura districts.

In the same way as the Crusades introduced the marvels of oriental civilization to Europe, the expedition of Alexander the Great first revealed to the ancients the existence of elephants and tigers.

Amongst the earliest classical allusions to the tiger must be reckoned the fiery burst of indignation which flashes from the injured Phœnician queen as our old friend Pius Æneas calmly avows his perfidy—

duris genuit te cautibus horrens  
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admōrunt ubera tigres !  
Æn. iv. 366.

In the same way Shakespeare has not forgotten to introduce York upbraiding Queen Margaret (Henry VI. pt. iii. 1, 4):

O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide,  
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the  
child?

And soon after—

You are more inhuman, more inexorable—  
Oh, ten times more—than tigers of Hyrcania!

Hyrcania is indeed all but the western boundary of the tiger's range, where it would most naturally fall within the Roman's ken. Silius also knows the tiger in this locality, the modern Elburz Mountains; he describes a horse—

Caucasiam lustratus virgato corpore tigrim.  
v. 148.

The two Latin poets exactly seize the two qualities which give pre-eminence to the *Felis regalis*, his ferocity and his beauty. The first tame tiger seen in Rome was shown by Augustus at the dedication of the theatre of Marcellus. Afterwards Claudius exhibited four. If Voss's theory that the Daphnis of Virgil's fifth Eclogue is intended for Julius Cæsar be accepted, and the verse—

Daphnis et Armenias curru subjungere tigres  
Instituit,

is to be taken literally, the introduction of tigers to the imperial city must be antedated.

For a full account of the tiger's anatomy, geographical range, and habits, the Indian sportsman may turn with confidence to Dr. Fayrer.\* From his researches into the thanatophobia of India, which he has given to the world in a sumptuous and gorgeously illustrated folio, to the little handbook which appears to have been compiled for the prince's instruction, whom he is now attending on his Eastern progress, is a great descent in point of bulk, if we measure Dr. Fayrer's book after the ludicrous manner in which Lord Macaulay estimated the dimensions of Dr. Nares' memoirs. Appraising the Bengal tiger's life and death, however, by the practical value of the treatise, and the amount of information it contains, it is sufficiently weighty.

The *Tigris regalis* is the only species of the kind, and obtains the appellation of "Bengal" because its beauty and ferocity are there most developed. It has a wide geographical range, though it is limited entirely to Asia. From Ararat and the Caucasus on the west, it extends to the island of Saghalien, and, with the exception of the central table-land of Thibet, extends through the length and breadth of India and round by China and Mongolia into Persia. It is found at considerable elevations on the Himalayas (Dr. Fayrer gives an instance of one which was shot last year eight thousand feet above the level of the sea), and penetrates through Siam into the Malayan Archipelago, being found in Java and Sumatra. As might be expected, it varies greatly in colour, thickness of hair, etc., according to its *habitat*, the fur growing longer and thicker in colder localities. None of the *felidæ* have as yet been found in Australia or Madagascar. Recently

Captain Lawson, however, has astonished the scientific world by his discovery of the "moolah;" which was in shape and size, he tells us, like a Bengal tiger, but much handsomer, the skin being a white ground with black and chestnut stripes. One which he shot was seven feet eight inches from the nose to the tail; larger than any tiger he had seen in India. Ill-natured persons on reading these details may be tempted to fancy that the gallant captain had served with the marines. In Ceylon, too, it is unknown.

The special points in the anatomy of a tiger which call for mention are the enormous developments of muscle in neck, chin, and fore-arms, and his formidable canine teeth. The digitigrade feet are armed with cruel retractile claws and cushioned with soft pads, which aid his stealthy advance. In man, and many other creatures, the partition which separates cerebrum and cerebellum is membranous; in the tiger it is bony, which lends additional strength to the skull. The senses are acute, though that of smell is less developed than the others. The skeleton is strongly compacted; the frame being especially adapted to the requirements of strength, speed, and agility. The curious little clavicles are deeply sunk in muscle, and if not carefully sought for are liable to be passed over; the natives esteem them highly as amulets and charms. Digestion of the flesh which forms the tiger's food is speedy, owing to its simple stomach and short intestine. Lightness of foot and extreme facility in executing those bounds which are characteristic of the *felidæ* generally are noticeable points in the tiger. In fact, he is nothing more nor less than a huge cat, with power and ferocity excessively developed; a very "king of cats." Travellers sleeping in their tents may hear one calling to its mate in the neighbouring jungles, till night is made hideous by their amatory growls and roarings, just as their diminutive congeners on European housetops serenade the moon, and provoke the exasperated sleeper to dislodge them with a hair-brush, a lump of coal, or whatever comes first to hand. The crowning point of a cat's ferocity, stealthiness, and delight in bloodshed is arrived at in the royal tiger. Those who have seen him after he has been shot and his skin stripped off have noticed his singular resemblance to the frame and fore-arm of an athlete. The muscles of his arm and shoulder are but modifications of those seen in man and other mammals adapted

\* The Royal Tiger of Bengal: his Life and Death. By J. Fayrer, M.D., F.Z.S. London: Churchill. 1875.

to the requirements of the animal's predatory life. A curious arrangement of elastic ligaments and muscles provides for the withdrawal of the claws during ordinary progression, so that they are not worn or blunted by contact with the ground. The tiger takes particular care of these terrible weapons. Trees are frequently seen in the jungles scored with long vertical fissures to the height of eight or ten feet from the ground, where tigers have cleansed and sharpened their claws. Some trees are greater favourites than others, and the peepul, or Indian fig, is often disfigured in this manner. All sportsmen know how difficult it is to preserve either claws or whiskers on a tiger's skin. The natives deem them powerful love-charms, and cut them out the instant they dare to approach the prostrate tiger. It requires peculiar watchfulness to prevent this; and Dr. Fayrer tells us that natives who are perfectly honest in all other respects are utterly unable to resist these tempting treasures.

The exact period of the tiger's gestation is unknown, but is put down at fourteen or fifteen weeks. There is no particular season for breeding. Captain Forsyth believed that owing to her cubs remaining with her till nearly full-grown, a tigress has but one litter of cubs in three years. A preponderance of female over male cubs is usually observed, owing, the natives say, to the old male tiger killing all the young males he can find when they are young. The cubs are frequently deposited in long grass, especially the *nul*. They are generally from two to five in number, and follow their mother, who takes the most anxious care of them, until nearly full-grown; say, to about their second year. At this time the tigress is particularly savage; defends them with the greatest courage, and when robbed of them is terrible in her fury. Pliny tells us that, when wanted, they are stolen by a man on a very swift horse; he sets spurs to his steed, and makes good his escape, till he descries the tigress behind, when he drops one; she halts to fondle and to carry it to her den, during which time he makes renewed exertions to escape, dropping a second on her reappearance, which is also carried to its home. The process is repeated, until either he has no more cubs or gains his ship with what he has managed to secure, when (adds the naturalist) the tiger spends her wrath on the shore.\* But tigers, he did not know, are

very fond of water, and are frequently found in swamps and by the edge of streams. They swim to and from one island to another in the Sunderbunds; and ere now the captain of a trader on coming up from his cabin has found a tiger in possession of the deck and his men in the rigging. The best way now to procure cubs is to shoot the mother. As soon as they can digest flesh the mother-tigress kills for them, teaching them to do so for themselves by practising on deer or pigs; then she is wanton and bloodthirsty, killing often for the pleasure of knocking down and destroying life. With all her affection for them, however, she has been known to desert and even to devour them when hard pressed with hunger. When the young ones have left their parent, they are far more destructive than grown-up tigers, often killing three or four cows at a time, while the adult rarely kills more than one, and that, for the most part, only once every three or four days. It has often been doubted whether tigers will feed on carrion, but Col. Wilkinson wrote to the *Field* paper\* to say that on a mule falling lately down a steep bank on the new road which was being constructed for the Prince of Wales to go up to the Annamullee Hills, in search of game, the body was poisoned with strychnine, and a tiger was very soon found dead, after feeding on it, some half-mile from the mule. This animal decided another controversy. Endless have been the wranglings over the length of tigers when measured after being slain. Dr. Fayrer points out that errors are apt to arise from the measurement being taken when the skin is removed, in which case, owing to its stretching, it may be ten or twelve inches longer than before it was stripped off. The tiger above-mentioned measured, it was found, nine feet six inches, before being skinned, from nose to tip of tail, and, after being stretched out, the skin was eleven feet five inches. Measuring in every case from the nose to the tip of the tail before the skin is taken off, a tiger of ten feet is large; this may be taken as the extreme size of the full-grown male, though many Indian sportsmen have asserted that they have seen and killed tigers of twelve feet in length, and perhaps, in some special cases, the report may be correct. The tigress runs from eight to ten or, in very rare instances, eleven feet in length, the height being from three to three and one-half feet at

\* Natural History, viii. 28.

\* Published in the *Field*, Nov. 13, 1875.

the shoulder. An Indian sportsman informs us that ten feet may be taken as the usual length of a tiger, certainly not twelve feet, or twelve feet two inches, as Dr. Fayer asserts.

In the "Mammals of India," Jerdon gives the average size of a full-grown male tiger at nine to nine and one-half feet; adding, "Occasionally tigers are killed ten feet in length, and perhaps a few inches over, but the stories of tigers eleven and twelve feet in length which are so often heard certainly require confirmation;" and again, "I have not myself seen an authentic account of a tiger that measured more than ten feet and two or three inches." Forsyth corroborates Jerdon, calling ten feet one inch, the size of an unusually large tiger.

The prey of the tiger is multifarious, but cattle, deer, and wild hogs form its staple. It steals at night to the neighbourhood of a village, or *gowrie*, where cattle feed, and springs upon some unfortunate bullock, which it drags into a secluded place, and, having satisfied its appetite, withdraws from the *murrie*, or kill, to some *beithuck*, or lair, in the thick grass or jungle hard by, where it sleeps off its debauch. The same sportsman states that, except in the very hottest weather, when water is scarce, a tiger will not remain by its kill for more than twelve hours. Frequently, however, it will return and consume other parts of the victim, once more retiring to sleep till decomposition sets in, and the crowds of jackals, vultures, and birds of prey which are thereby attracted to the locality warn him to seek fresh game. In north and central India his practice is to drag the creature on which he has pounced to the nearest stream, lie down all night by it devouring it, sleep during the following day, and then quit the place when evening falls. He rarely travels less than fifteen miles, and often twice that distance, in a night. Indeed, our friend knew of one which was shot at, and had its fore-arm broken, one afternoon, and yet possessed such vitality that, even in that condition, he travelled thirteen miles and killed again the same evening. The attack consists of a stealthy advance till within short springing distance. Then, with a quick rush and a roar, he dashes his prey to the ground with his powerful arm, and seizes it at once by the throat with his formidable fangs, holding it down till nearly or quite dead, and then dragging it away. Milton has caught the growl or roar of the

springing tiger in his expression "howling like tigers at the prey." ("Comus.")

In the monsoon, when food is scarce, the Bheels in Khandeish affirm that the tiger condescends to feed on frogs, which reminds us of the story told of the lion deigning to turn mouser in extreme old age.

One of the most curious and, at the same time, well-attested peculiarities of the tiger is that he does not naturally possess, but easily acquires, a love of human flesh. At first, tigers appear to bow to that instinctive dread of man which is natural to all animals. The natives are aware of this habit, and carry on their usual avocations, as grass-cutters, fruit-gatherers, herdsmen, etc., close to a thicket where a tiger is known to be lying. It is not merely fatalism, as might be supposed, that renders them thus apathetic, but the knowledge that as long as tigers can procure other food they will not injure man. Even when one of their cattle is struck down, they run up and often frighten the tiger from the body of his victim by shouting and beating sticks on the ground. These *ahcers*, or herdsmen, too, armed with what Aristotle calls the courage derived from experience, will conduct the sportsman up to the kill with fearless confidence. Like the cobra, they hold the tiger in superstitious reverence. In many parts, says Dr. Fayer, the natives will avoid mentioning his name, save by a variety of periphrases or euphemisms, and will not kill him even when they have a fair opportunity to do so, for fear that his spirit will haunt them, or do them mischief after death. But, when the tiger has once tasted human flesh, the spell of man's supremacy is broken, and ever after that, it is said, he prefers it to any other. Confirmed man-eaters are frequently, we believe, old tigers; with failing activity and decaying teeth, they find the easiest mode of procuring a meal is to knock down some defenceless villager or incautious postman. Haunting one road or district, after several murders of this kind have been perpetrated, the tiger actually scares away the natives, and depopulates the locality. In 1869, one tigress was reported to have killed one hundred and twenty-seven people, and stopped a public road for many weeks. In another case in the Central Provinces, a single tigress caused the desertion of thirteen villages, and two hundred and fifty square miles of country were thrown out of cultivation. Similarly, in



1868, the magistrate of Godavery reported "that part of the country was overrun with tigers, every village having suffered from the ravages of man-eaters. No road was safe, and, a few days before his arrival at Kondola, a tiger charged a large body of villagers within a few hundred yards of the civil station." No wonder that the advent of an English sportsman is hailed with joy in such districts. He becomes another St. George to deliver them from their great scourge.

Few people have any idea of the large numbers of human beings annually killed by tigers in India. Jerdon\* says that in the Mundlah districts, from Jubbulpur, in 1856 and previous years, on an average, between two and three hundred villagers were killed each year. The reports of the Central Provinces show that in 1866-67, three hundred and seventy-two persons were killed by tigers, in 1867-68, two hundred and eighty-nine, and 1868-69 two hundred and eighty-five. In lower Bengal it appears by government reports that during the six years ending with 1866, 4,218 persons were killed by tigers, while the grand total of 13,400 people altogether were killed by wild animals, chiefly leopards and wolves.

One gentleman, writing from Nayadunka in July 1869, says: "Cattle killed in my district are numberless; as regards human beings, one tiger in 1867-68 killed respectively twenty-seven, thirty-four, and forty-seven people. I have known it attack a party and kill four or five at a time. Once it killed a father, mother, and three children; and the week before it was shot it killed seven people. It wandered over a track of twenty miles, never remaining in the same spot two consecutive days, and at last was destroyed by a bullet from a spring gun when returning to feed at the body of one of its victims — a woman.†

Very fitly therefore does government, in Bengal, offer rewards for the destruction of tigers. Thus, a race of hardy native shikarries is encouraged, and many tigers are either shot or poisoned with strychnine for the sake of the reward. Their extinction is viewed with regret by many an English officer, but such checks to civilization cannot be tolerated. As a matter of fact, however, the tiger has increased in late years, owing perhaps in great measure to the disarming of the people consequent on the great mutiny. Dr. Fayer calls attention to the remarkable fact that many persons escape after

having been wounded by tigers. They seldom kill on the spot (unless, indeed, the massive fore-paw has fractured the skull), and save in the case of a man-eater do not drag the body very far, if at all, from the spot where it has been struck down. Many officers are living who have thus received bites and scratches from tigers. The action usually is to give a bite or two on the shoulder or head, two or three shakes, and then to drag the unfortunate man a few yards and so drop him, it may be having crushed the shoulder or limb, and scored the body with the terrible claws. It seems a mistake to suppose that the wounds inflicted by a tiger's claws or teeth are necessarily poisonous, and therefore difficult to heal, though the climate probably intensifies their danger. From a collection of cases we cull the following: \* —

Baldeo Singh, rajput, aged thirty, on the evening of September 22 was brought in mauled by a wounded tiger. On the front of the left shoulder was a deep flesh-wound, and on the back of the shoulder a superficial lacerated wound, two and a half inches by one inch. There were three fang-wounds in the left flank; one in front large enough to have admitted two fingers at least, penetrating into the abdomen; two wounds behind led down to the abdominal cavity, but did not injure the bowel. He had also one or two slight wounds over the ribs. Under cotton-wool dipped in carbolic oil, the wounds rapidly healed; the man is now able to walk about, and there only remains a superficial wound, which is healing.

Some years ago, however, in the Madras presidency, Captain H — was not so fortunate. He went out on foot, and beating up a tiger, wounded it more than once.

It charged and seized him by the loins on one side, gave him a fierce shake or two, dropped him, and then seizing him on the other side repeated the shaking, and again dropping him, left him and disappeared. His beaters had escaped up trees or elsewhere meanwhile, but when the tiger departed they came to his aid, and carried him into the station. He suffered no pain, and described how the tiger had seized and worried him. He sank from the shock and exhaustion within a few hours.†

Any one who has examined a tiger's skull, and noticed its formidable canine teeth, must wonder how a man ever escapes who has once been gripped in their savage vice. Very seldom does a season pass without the death of some gallant sportsman being reported from a tiger's charge.

\* Mammals of India. London: 1874.

† Fayer, p. 41.

\* Fayer, p. 70.

† Ibid. p. 73.

Tigers have been kept in cages, and formed part of oriental splendour from time immemorial. Sometimes they are tamed, and led about by a chain, or compelled to fight in the arena with buffaloes, elephants, and the like. Dr. Fayrer has witnessed several tiger-fights at Lucknow in the days of Wajid Ally. A fearful testimony to their use as executioners may be seen in the India Museum, where the toy-tiger of Tippoo Sahib tearing a British soldier to pieces is still visible. A friend saw a tiger confined in a cage at the entrance of the fort of Benares during the hot weather of 1875. It belonged to the rajah, and in its rage at being confined had eaten away the whole of its paws. These were full of vermin, and the stench was awful. Tigers, when shot, frequently tear themselves after this manner in their agony. A curious instance of a tiger's being utterly dispirited, either by the unaccustomed locality or from illness, occurred in March 1874. The creature had been caught and placed in a cage, which was conveyed to Chunar on the Ganges, to be ferried across to the other side, on its way to Benares. Being too late, however, to cross that day, the keepers left it on the sand at the river's side till next day. It escaped during the night, and was found to have proceeded towards the cantonments. The commandant immediately ordered women and children to remain indoors, and mustering the pensioners, with their antiquated weapons, started in search of it. It was found behind a cemetery, was fired at and wounded. Seemingly daunted by its confinement, it never attempted to charge, but slinking into a neighbouring field, was followed and again fired at and killed.

Occasionally tigers are found in very unusual localities. One was shot, for instance, at the time of the assassination of Lord Mayo, in the streets of Benares. How it got there remains a mystery. It was thought by government to be connected with sedition, as an old legend told that a great convulsion would take place when a tiger should be killed in the streets of Benares. In the spring of this year (1875) another was killed in the heart of the city of Gorakpore. This was a wild one; and on word of its appearance being sent to the magistrate, who happened to be a great sportsman, he, thinking it only a leopard, took his rifle, and joined by the head of the city police and others, went out after it. He fired, and the tiger at once charged; stepping quickly on one side, the tiger struck down the head of

the police, who stood behind, and killed him on the spot. The poor fellow had only just recovered from wounds enough to kill an ordinary man, inflicted by Da-coits.

Leaving the habits and curiosities of tigers, we next approach the subject of hunting them, a sport which is of entrancing interest to our military and civil officers in India. There are three modes of shooting them in vogue, among Europeans, according to the locality. In central India the sport is usually pursued on elephants, which, if well-trained, will stand a charge with tolerable coolness. In southern India, where, according to Jerdon, but few elephants are kept, tigers are generally shot on foot, a most reprehensible mode of destroying them, rightly condemned by almost all sportsmen, as the hunter takes his life in his hand, and often has to trust his all on a shot. In the North-West Provinces tigers are usually shot from *machauuns*, or platforms erected for this purpose, amongst the boughs of trees. Tigers are also poisoned (as has been already remarked), by the native shikarries, with strychnine, in order to obtain the government reward, while \* Jerdon states that in the Wynaad one class of Hindoos assembles in large numbers, and driving the tiger into a net, spears him while so entangled. In spite of all these murderous proceedings, adds the same writer, "in many districts its numbers appear to be only slightly diminished."

It often falls to the lot of Europeans and natives, who are obliged by their occupation to frequent jungles, when least expecting it, to confront a tiger. On almost all such occasions a bold front and a shout generally cause the animal to turn away, unless of course it has already tasted human flesh, or is in a vicious mood; for tigers, like their arch-destroyer, man, are not always of an equable disposition. It is the greatest folly in such a *rencontre* to flee, as the tiger then loses his instinctive dread of man, and with a few bounds and one blow of its paw probably fractures the runaway's skull. At other times the circumstances under which the creature is met preclude any other action than an immediate shot. A case was related to us (and reference to almost any book on tiger-hunting would confirm such a piece of good luck) when a sportsman was seated on the ground behind the usual screen of leaves (*pattooh*), on the look-out for deer which were being driven towards him,

\* Mammals of India.

when, to his surprise, two tiger-cubs came out gambolling before him, and went by into the jungle. A few seconds afterwards the tigress appeared, listening to the shouts of the beaters, and looking out for her cubs. A slight noise was made by one of the shikarries who were with him, and in a moment the tigress stared him in the face. He saw there was no help for it, and deliberately fired at her with a smooth-bore gun (the only weapon he had with him), at the same time leaping aside as quickly as he could. To his great delight he found he had slain the animal outright. This recital, and the many similar ones on record, ought not to encourage sportsmen facing tigers on foot. To do so in an emergency is one thing, designedly to seek them is quite another, and a hazardous, foolhardy feat.

As the tiger roams far and wide during the cold and rainy season, it is during the hot months of March, April, and May, in Bengal, Oude, and north India, that, as a general rule, he is hunted. He is found with greater ease at that time, as he frequents for the most part the patches of long grass (*nurkool* or *nul*) which remains green near pools or swamps, and the country is then more open, the wide plains of coarse grass and much of the scrub and underwood being at that season burnt by the natives to promote the growth of next year's crops. From a batch of the best books recently published on Indian sport, the reader will be able to form a tolerable idea of the pleasures, dangers, and excitements of tiger-shooting. The first of these we select gives an admirable conspectus of the shooting and sport to be enjoyed in the region described at the beginning of this paper. Pig-sticking, elephant-hunting, and detailed accounts of fishing, are omitted, as being outside the sport usually obtained in the North-Western Provinces; but, with these exceptions, the fulness of information which the author supplies leaves nothing to be desired.\* Being simply a book of sport and adventures, political or philosophical views must not be expected; anything very profound on natural history or the social condition of the natives would have jarred with the free open-air holidays of sport to which we are introduced. A party of friends — Jones, Brown, Robinson, & Co. — are conducted by a president they have chosen on a shooting-tour in the Soane Valley.

Their head is vastly wise, and experienced in the ways of natives, the habits of wild beasts, and last, though certainly not least, in the estimation of a party of hungry hunters, a *chef* as full of culinary experiences as Brillat-Savarin. After the usual fashion of Indian camp-life, the party live under canvas, with a large retinue of servants and beasts of burden, establishing friendly relations with the native shikarries of every village near their line of route, and managing, together with abundance of sport, to live daily on the fat of the land. This plan, it will be observed, admits of the different kinds of shooting to be found in central India being brought day after day before the reader, while the constant change of scene prevents weariness; and the after-dinner narratives of the president on adventure and travel, the habits and instincts of the game shot during the day, the superstitions of the native tribes, and the like, add variety to the charm of interest. Without any of the intolerable slang and hackneyed quotations which disfigure so many sporting-books, and with a plentiful amount of humour, a home-keeping reader, who has no intention of ever making a campaign in the jungle, can yet peruse the book with great profit, while those who possess a liking for sport and outdoor excitement will read it with positive delight. Its simple and unaffected style is of itself a strong point in its favour, for it is quite possible to relish leopard-shooting and the excitement of a course with the cheetah, and at the same time retain a love of the muses. Those who, like the late customs officer, endeavour to rescue narratives of sporting life and adventure from the hands of men incompetent, in a literary point of view, to do them justice, deserve a meed of praise from all who love country sports.

We gain several interesting facts with regard to tigers from this book. They are not always, for instance, undisputed lords of the country: —

Some time ago a large dead bear and also a dead tiger were found in the jungle close to each other, exhibiting plain enough signs of the battle having been *à outrance*, both being so mauled by each other that the natives who found them did not consider their skins worth the trouble of stripping off. (P. 188.)

A dead tiger and an enormous dead wild boar are also said to have been found a few feet distant from each other. An instance again is given of a tiger being seen in hot flight from a pack of wild dogs; and the wonder is that these creatures do not

\* Past Days in India; or, Sporting Reminiscences of the Valley of the Soane and the Basin of Singrowlee. By a Late Customs Officer. Chapman & Hall. 1874.

speedily depopulate the country. They are small, and do not give tongue, but are very bold and determined : —

When once a pack of them put up any animal, no matter whether deer or tiger, that animal's doom is sealed; they never leave it. They will dog their prey for days, if need be, and run it down exhausted, and if it turns to fight, they go in fearlessly and by their numbers win. All animals dread the wild dog; others they may elude by speed, artifice, or battle, but their instinct tells them that there is no escaping the wild dog, as it hunts in packs by scent as well as by sight, and is as brave as it is persevering. (P. 164.)

The agility of the tiger is exemplified by an incident which took place at the Jheria, when one escaped by springing up the precipitous side of the hill there, which is sixteen to twenty feet high.

The usual mode of killing tigers in the Mirzapore district is well described by the customs officer. On word being brought into camp that a tiger has been tracked in the neighbourhood, the native shikarri of the district is sent for, and ordered to choose a suitable place for the *hankwa* (tiger-drive), and to procure a victim. This invariably consists of a young buffalo bull, as a smaller animal would be taken by a leopard, while a tiger would decline a larger buffalo. It is securely fastened to a stake in the supposed track of the tiger, while two or three villagers who have accompanied the shikarri ply their axes in fixing *charpoys* (or bedsteads) in trees around the points where it is supposed the tiger will make his exit. Poles are also cut and tied along the front of these *machauns* (or shooting-platforms), which are further masked with screens of leaves. The little band then hurries out of the jungle, as wild beasts begin to move at dusk, and sends word to the neighbouring villages that men and lads are wanted for a beating party next day. Early next morning the shikarri, with one or two crafty companions, proceeds cautiously into the jungle to see whether the victim has been killed. If on his return he reports "a kill," the sportsmen, who have been anxiously waiting, immediately start for the machauns, and ascend with as much speed and as little noise as possible. These charpoys are fixed about ten feet from the ground, so as to be just out of the reach of a tiger were he to stand on his hind legs and try to get in. Baffled in this attempt he might spring up, but then he would most likely bound over, harming no one; whereas, were the machaun higher in the tree, he might land

among their occupants, which would prove as "awkward" to them as would meeting a train to Stephenson's hypothetical "coo." Some eight or ten of the bravest villagers post themselves in trees to the right and left of the sportsmen. These are the *rokhs*, or stoppers, whose duty it is to turn back a tiger attempting to force his way past them instead of facing the path leading to the machauns. The least noise will do this; a "Hish!" or a single knock on the tree with an axe; even a leaf dropped before him is quite enough to turn a tiger, unless he be more than usually resolute. Meanwhile the shikarri has taken the fifty, sixty (or more) men and lads who have volunteered as beaters to the back of the spot where he supposes the tiger to be resting. Spreading out in a semicircle, these men advance with loud shouts and beating of tomtoms, effectually scaring out all the game which that patch of jungle contains. First will rush out, it may be, a wild boar, then a hyena, then a bear, but all must be permitted to pass on. A shot would effectually deter the tiger from approaching the machauns, and would cause him to rush past the stoppers, or double or charge the line of beaters, when a grievous accident, or even death, would probably ensue. If all goes well, a tiger, or it may be two, trot past the machauns and are saluted by a salvo from their occupants. The circumstances attending the slaying of each tiger differ but little save in exceptional cases; like the slaughter in an Homeric battle-piece, only the actors can remember the exact mode in which they slew their foemen. Finally, the beaters come up, the sportsmen descend, the tiger is hung on bamboos and escorted to the encampment with the sound of tomtoms and general merriment.

The beaters are then mustered and paid off by the paymaster personally, boys getting two, three, or four pice (3-4d. to 1 1-2d.) each, men five pice (1 3-4d.), the *rokhs* two annas (3d.), and the shikarri two or three rupees (4s. to 6s.).\*

Occasionally a sportsman has a carcass dragged under some convenient tree in a locality where a tiger is known to be hid, and then ascending to a good height in the branches waits through the night to shoot the tiger when it appears.

This mode, however, is precarious and demands much patience, though the customs officer tells some good tales of such sport. The natives in the Mirzapore dis-

\* Past Days in India, p. 35.

strict erect curious conical mounds of earth, about one and a half or two feet in diameter at the base and tapering to about six inches at the apex, over the spot where any one has been killed by a tiger. These mounds are carefully whitewashed and garnished with flowers, coloured wash, and singularly-shaped earthen vessels. It is considered sacrilege of a deep dye to touch these mounds, and on a certain day annually the people of the neighbouring villages go to one of the most tragic of these memorials and worship before it to appease the soul of the departed and prevent his haunting them in the form of another tiger; for their dread of the tiger by no means ends with his death.

Is any one desirous of reading particular accounts of the diverse modes in which the victims of many a tiger-beat yielded up their lives before the prowess of sportsmen armed with rifles, and seated aloft in machauns—how, in the Mirzapore district, tigers have been shot through the chest, the head, the flanks, the body, the paws—how they charged, sulked, walked, trotted, reared, or rolled convulsively, on receiving the different shots—how they tore themselves in blind rage, or attacked the beaters or stoppers, or slunk into dense covert, or “made tracks” over hill and plain to a safer district—all this, and much more, appropriately garnished with tigers’ barks, growls, and roars, he may read in a sporting narrative recently issued from the Orphan School press, Mirzapore.\* But one or two curious facts may be culled from it, notably the circumstance of a white tiger with brown stripes being shot in the district of Mirzapore, which looked exactly like the ghost of a tiger. We should suggest it might have been an extremely old specimen, if not one of nature’s tricks to produce an albino. The cat-like character of the tiger is conspicuous in the following extract:—

It is sometimes an interesting sight to witness the demeanour of a tiger towards his terrified prey—

(i.e., when a victim is tied up for him, and the sportsman waits to shoot him in the tree above it).

When not raging with hunger he appears to derive the same pleasure from playing with his victim as a cat in tormenting a mouse. He gambols around the buffalo as if enjoying his alarm; and when the affrighted animal in mad despair feebly attempts to butt at his re-

morseless foe, the tiger bounds lightly over his head, and recommences his gambols at the other side. At last, as if he had succeeded in creating an appetite for dinner, he crushes the skull of his victim with one blow of his powerful fore-paw, and soon commences his bloody meal.\*

Even more satisfactory glimpses of a tiger, however, may be obtained, say our authors, from the machauns when the animal is driven below. Sometimes he will burst out of the neighbouring cover and charge with never a swerve, his tail on end, his ears laid back, and every feature of his face distorted with diabolical rage; but oftener

you will see him steadily bearing down upon you four hundred or five hundred yards right in the open, stopping every twenty yards or so, and putting his head half over his shoulder, to listen to the noise behind him; and a most magnificent animal he looks then, his head erect, his tail drooping, and the sun glancing merrily from his beautiful skin.†

Next moment he is biting the ground in his death-agony. The skull may be destined to grace the sportsman’s study, far away in old England; the skin to be spread on his mother’s hearth, and the claws set in gold, as a brooch, to adorn his sweetheart’s neck. For the tiger’s beauty long outlasts death.

At magni cum terga sonent et pectora ferro,  
Permansisse decus sacra venerabile formæ,  
Iratamque deis faciem, nihil ultima mortis.  
Ex habitu vultuque viri mutasse fatentur.

Lucan, Phars. viii. 663.

The last of recent tiger-books which we shall notice is a great contrast to these two sportsmen’s annals of shooting tigers.‡ Captain Forsyth died in May 1871, at the untimely age of thirty-three, before the delightful volume he had written was entirely through the press. Every reader must regret that he was not spared to relate more adventures, and charm English naturalists with further researches into the wild life of the Indian jungles. As acting conservator of forests in the Central Provinces, paying special attention to the growth and preservation of the valuable teak-tree, he enjoyed rare facilities for observation; while a clear style, abundant enthusiasm for sport, love of the habits of the wild creatures, and a large knowledge of the jungle trees and

\* P. 25.

† P. 55.

‡ The Highlands of Central India. By Captain J. Forsyth, Bengal Staff Corps. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

\* “Rambles in the Mirzapore District,” by the late Major W. M. Seward; and “Machaun-Shooting,” by Sir J. Wemyss, Bart. Mirzapore: 1872.



flowers, enables him to produce a thoroughly interesting narrative of the natives and animals of the Central Provinces. By means of an ethnological introduction, and an exhaustive account of the physical geography of this district, he succeeds to an eminent degree in enabling a western reader to realize the strange scenes through which he wandered, and the savage life which peoples them. Scattered here and there, too, are suggestions on the government of India; hints for better organization on divers points, and wide views on economical subjects, which prove him to have possessed that constructive and, at the same time, that versatile character which belongs to most men who leave their mark on our Indian empire. Premising then that his book cannot be opened by a lover of natural history without finding an interesting fact or a thrilling narrative of sport, we shall confine our notice of it to the tiger-lore which it contains.

By way of introduction, let the reader fancy himself camping out with Captain Forsyth, near Mátín, in the forests of the far east. The grateful silence of night is all at once broken by a serenade, which must sound anything but pleasant to the wakeful traveller in a frail tent.

A peculiar long wail, like the drawn-out mew of a huge cat, first rose from a river-course a few hundred yards below my tent. Presently from a mile or so higher up the river came a deep tremendous roar, which had scarcely died away ere it was answered from behind the camp by another pitched in a yet deeper tone, startling us from its suddenness and proximity. All three were repeated at short intervals, as the three tigers approached each other along the bottoms of the deep dry watercourses, between and above which the camp had been pitched. As they drew together the noises ceased for about a quarter of an hour; and I was dozing off to sleep again, when suddenly arose the most fearful din near to where the tigress had first sounded the love-note to her rival lovers, a din like the caterwauling of midnight cats magnified a hundredfold. Intervals of silence, broken by outbursts of this infernal shrieking and moaning, disturbed our rest for the next hour, dying away gradually as the tigers retired along the bed of the river. In the morning I found all the incidents of a three-volume novel in feline life imprinted on the sand; and marks of blood showed how genuine the combat part of the performance had been.\*

Captain Forsyth does not believe that the wild dogs, in however large a pack

they might run, could overcome a tiger in fair fight; but he thinks it quite possible that they might stick to him and wear him out by depriving him of the chance of obtaining his ordinary food. Many stories are related, he says, of tigers climbing trees (which of course is quite contrary to their usual habits), in order to escape them; and he once saw the bones of a tiger whitening on a rocky ledge, where more than one person assured him they had seen him lying surrounded by a large pack of wild dogs. A curious instance of a tiger shot during the cold season occurred at Jubbulpúr, in 1861, when the governor-general paid his first visit to central India.

Our author says:—

I mounted sentry over that beast for nearly a week, girding him in a little hill with a belt of fires, and feeding him with nightly kine, till half a hundred elephants, carrying the cream of a vice-regal camp, swept him out into the plain, where he fell riddled by a storm of bullets from several hundred virgin rifles. He had the honour of being painted by a Landseer, by the blaze of torch-light, under the shadow of the British standard; and my howdah bore witness for many a day, in a bullet-hole through both sides of it, to the accuracy of aim of some gallant member of the staff! (P. 262.)

Something must now be said of man-eaters, and it is a comfort to find Captain Forsyth's pages herein precise and matter-of-fact, after inspecting the highly imaginative halo of myths which in so many books of adventure and sporting surround the subject. Tigers may be roughly divided into three groups, those which lead a perfectly wild, retired life in the jungles, feeding only on game, and often proving positively beneficial to man by keeping down the herds of deer and nilgae that prey upon his crops. Secondly come those which may be termed cattle-lifters; they are large and bulky in contradistinction to the little, agile jungle tiger, and locate themselves near pastures and water frequented by oxen. Disregarding the *aheers*, these animals consume an ox in about five days, but if fired at when returning to their kill, they will generally strike down a fresh victim, while a tigress and her cubs demand at least an ox a night. Last are the morose brutes which, having once tasted man, turn cannibals, and sometimes spread terror through a whole district before they are destroyed by some European sportsman, for these tigers are too cunning and dangerous to be frequently shot by native

shikarries, though they may occasionally be destroyed by strychnine. Wolves and panthers, like tigers, have a tendency to turn man-eaters in India, and the panther, when once he has established a character for cannibalism, is far more fell and dangerous than a man-eating tiger. He is more agile, more ferocious, and more courageous when attacked; is more difficult to hit, as he is smaller, and can climb trees, which the tiger, save in the case of a sloping trunk, cannot do. In 1858 one of these creatures devastated the northern part of the Soouí district, killing nearly a hundred persons before he was shot. He never eat their bodies, but merely lapped the blood from the throat, and his plan of attack was to steal into a house at night and strangle some sleeper, or he would climb the platforms from which the villagers guard their fields at night, and drag down a watcher. The tiger lies in ambush, as a rule, and strikes down the unsuspecting wretch as he passes by. Then after a little time some such tragic relics, as in a similar case met Captain Forsyth's eye, are all that remain to tell the sad story.

At a place called Motínálá, where a deep branching watercourse crosses the pathway several times, I was walking ahead of my followers, when I came on the remains of a poor wanderer who had evidently not long before been killed by a tiger. He was a religious mendicant; and his long iron tongs, begging-bowl hollowed from a skull, and cocoa-nut hookah were scattered about in the bottom of the dry bed, where he had been resting on his weary march, together with tresses of his long matted hair, and a shred or two of cloth. The bones were all broken to pieces, and many of them were missing altogether. A drover had been taken off near the same spot about a week before, so that it was not without some misgivings that I wandered off the road through the long grass to look for red deer.\*

In the sea of tall grass where this occurred, it would have been hopeless to have hunted for this tiger. Occasionally Captain Forsyth was more fortunate, as when he was engaged in tracking wild animals one morning by the edge of a stream, whither in hot weather all the creatures in the locality were obliged nightly to resort. His attention was called to the excited demeanour, the rage and "swearing," of the Hanuman monkeys (*Presbyter entellus*). This betokened a tiger passing under the trees on which they gesticulated, pouring forth a volley

of abuse that could be heard a mile away; and as on one group of monkeys leaving off their clamours and descending to the ground to obtain berries, the outcry was taken up by another farther up the watercourse, the sportsman gathered that the obnoxious tiger was slowly travelling up its windings.

After thus following up the creature by means of these monkey allies for several miles, reaching a narrow neck of land round which the stream circled, and dashing across it, he managed to arrive very much out of breath in front of the tiger, and to hide himself behind the thick stem of a tree until he should come up. Our readers must pardon one more quotation, as they could not be better introduced to the Bengal tiger at home than in Captain Forsyth's graphic recital, which is sufficiently vivid (we have ourselves suffered from a similar picture) to produce a nightmare of the most terrific potency. It is easy to fancy the grey dawn with the first beams of morning quivering through the tree-tops as the tiger approached the intrepid sportsman.

He came on in a long, slouching walk, with his tail tucked down and looking exactly like the guilty midnight murderer he is. His misdeeds evidently sat heavily on his conscience, for as he went he looked fearfully behind him, and up at the monkeys in a beseeching sort of way, as if asking them not to betray where he was going. He was travelling under the opposite bank to where I was, in the deep shadow of the overhanging trees; but when nearly opposite me, he came out into the middle, in the faint yellow light of the just risen sun, and then he looked such a picture of fearful beauty — with his velvety step and undulating movements, the firm muscles working through his loose glossy skin, and the cruel yellow eyes blinking in the sun over a row of ivory teeth as he licked his lips and whiskers after his night's feed. He passed within about twenty yards of me, making for a small ravine that here joined the river from the hills. I let him get to the mouth of this before I fired; and on receiving the shot he bounded forward into its cover — a very different picture from the placid creature I had just been looking at, and with a roar that silenced the chattering of every monkey on the trees. I knew he was hit to death, but waited till the shikarries came up before proceeding to see; and we then went round a good way to where a high bank overlooked the ravine in which he had disappeared. Here we cautiously peeped over, but seeing nothing, came farther down towards the river, and within fifty yards of where I had fired at him I saw a solitary crow sitting in a tree, and cawing down at an indistinct yellow object extended below. It seemed like the tiger, and sitting down I fired another

shot at it; but it never stirred to the thud of the ball, while the crow, after flying up a few feet, perched again and cawed away more lustily than before. We now went down and found the tiger lying stone dead, shot very near the heart.\*

We are not told whether this was a man-eater, but in the spring of 1862 the captain spent nearly a week in the destruction of a famous man-eater, which had completely closed several roads and was supposed to have devoured over a hundred human beings. He occupied a large triangle of country between the rivers Mórán and Ganjál, stopping the work of the sleeper-contractors on the railroad in course of construction in the Nabadá valley, and striking terror into a breadth of not less than thirty to forty miles. Having pitched his camp in this pleasant country under a splendid mango-grove, the captain was laid up for some days by a sprained tendon, during which time sensational news was brought in of whole families of tigers waiting in the riverbeds to be killed, and at length that the man-eater had struck down a man and a boy on the high-road about ten miles away. He now resorted to severe remedies, which after a few more days permitted him once more to resume his quest; but in the mean time numberless stories were told him of the fearful size and appearance of the man-eater, of its belly pendent to the ground, and the white moon it bore in the centre of its forehead — of the pork-butcher-like mode in which it would detain a party of travellers while it rolled in the sand, and at length having inspected them all round, select the fattest — of his power of transforming himself into an innocent-looking woodcutter, and calling or whistling through the woods till an unsuspecting victim approached; and how the spirits of all his victims rode with him on his head, warning him of every danger and guiding him to the suitable ambush by which a traveller would pass. It is worth while noticing the despairing terror of the people which such superstitious and imaginary details evince. No clearer proof could be laid before a western reader of the paralyzing effect which a man-eater's ravages appear to produce, when no man's life is safe for a moment, and the whirr of every quail or peacock which springs up near him seems the bound of the fell animal which will strike him down. All the best shikarries of the country, together with the landowners and

many of the ryots, besieged the camp daily. Many villages were utterly deserted; men lived in barricaded houses, and only left them when compelled by necessity, and then in large bodies, shouting and beating drums as they passed along the roads. This had gone on for a year, and the country was slowly being depopulated. Through this desert then the sportsman rode on his trained elephant, preceded and followed by baggage-elephants, and protected by a guard of police with muskets and shikarries with their matchlocks. Traces of the brute were seen here and there, but no recent ones, while heaps of stones at intervals showed where a traveller had been struck down. At length he reached a spot where one of a party of pilgrims had been carried off the day before, and discovered the sad relics and blood-stained grass which yet told of the tragedy, and pointed out where the man-eater had dragged the corpse into a watercourse in which its remains were left. It was of no use waiting for the tiger to return to its horrid feast, as this one had learnt caution and never ventured back to its "kill." All the rest of that day in extreme heat the party beat the jungles of the Mórán River, the trackers working in fear and trembling under the trunk of the sahib's elephant and covered by his rifle at full cock. Returning to camp at night, one of the men spied the great square footprint of the creature they were searching. Early next day the captain carefully beat the neighbouring watercourse, but without avail. As he was sitting down to breakfast, however, some men brought in word that about a mile and a half from camp the tiger had that very morning taken away one of them out of the midst of their drove of bullocks as they were starting from their night's encampment. Instantly securing some food and a bottle of claret, the captain mounted the elephant, and pursued. Soon he startled the monster from the lair where he was devouring the unfortunate victim, but the grass was so thick he could not obtain a shot. All that day, however, he held on after him, carefully tracking the footprints through a difficult country, and allowing him no rest. At night the captain slept in a tent he had ordered on to the other river, the Ganjál. Next morning the trail was renewed, until at length the tiger was fairly ringed in a dense cover of tamarisk and jaman, surrounded by the river. After a short rest this cover was beaten out, and the indefatigable captain obtained two shots,

which told on the tiger. Immediately the brute turned, and with loud roars charged him, being again dropped into the water-course by a shot fired within twenty yards. Once more, but more slowly, he picked himself up, when the sportsman's elephant, being badly handled, spun round, and, with a loud, worrying noise, the tiger sprang on to its back and began clawing its quarters. At length, the elephant stopping its frantic career for a moment, the captain turned round in the howdah and, seizing the opportunity, put the muzzle of his rifle to the skull of the tiger and blew it into fifty pieces with the large shell it carried. Then the elephant executed a kind of Pyrrhic dance over the prostrate form of its foe, and the man-eater of the Mōran was at last destroyed.

It would be easy to extract many a pleasant anecdote of the fauna of Bengal from Captain Forsyth's pages; but a little consideration is due to the readers, and, probably, all who are fond of hunting-craft, though their quarry need not be as formidable as the royal tiger, will now find their way to this book. Having tracked our own tiger from his birthplace in the *nul* to the vengeance which has appropriately overtaken his deeds of blood, a few words only require to be added. It will, probably, be long ere the tiger (said now to be on the increase) will be extirpated from his native jungles, but it is manifestly the duty of government to encourage its extinction. In the case of an animal so destructive to human life, to say nothing of cattle, neither half-measures nor allowances on the score of its existence being conducive to cherish a manly and exciting sport are admissible. Of course, a wealthy rajah might here and there preserve the tiger in what the Orientals of old termed a paradise, and there will be certain localities where the race may, in a wild state, maintain a precarious vitality, but the country would be much more prosperous were the wild stock utterly rooted out. England has not suffered in manly vigour and daring courage since Edgar tried to extirpate its wolves, and it has prospered indefinitely. When a wild animal, owing to mischievous and predatory habits, comes into collision with civilization it must be swept away. We may regret the hard necessity, but, if man is to replenish and subdue the earth, he must likewise have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon it. The present age wastes no regrets upon the gigantic reptiles of the oolite; that brilliant future which, we trust, awaits British India will

assuredly never deplore the disappearance of the royal tiger.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## AN UNIMPORTANT PERSON.

## I.

CLODTHORPE is a town of Rip Van Winkles. If one of them were to go away into a cleft of the swelling hills, and come back no more, there would be but one pipe less by the inn fire. If he returned after some twenty years, there would be but one pipe more. Of course this is not true. The town is not very far from London, and the railway passes within four miles. But when you look down on Clodthorpe from some neighbouring hill, or catch a glimpse of it from the Thames, it seems so sleepy that it can hardly puff away its own blue smoke, so sleepy that you yawn pleasantly as you gaze, so sleepy that Sleep himself girdled and crowned with poppies might be sleeping there. Go into the town at noon, and lo! it is a bustling place and a growing. It has been growing for ages with the growth of the English people. When a Plantagenet wanted a bowman, he sent to Clodthorpe. Had a Tudor wanted another playwright, he might have dug up a Shakespeare hereabouts. One townsman of this goodly place would drink you three of Boreham or six of Blockley through happiness into oblivion. Of late it has grown more quickly, creeping along the country roads, rooting up hedges and pushing down elms, and so has come to Colthurst farm, and swallowed it. The meadows of deep grass, which stretch to the river-bank, are still country; but the barn is a school under clerical control; the yard, once full of straw and the smell of kine, has been swept and gravelled into a playground; and the farmhouse, which stands at right angles to the barn, and likewise opens into the yard, is the suburban residence of William Whiteham, grocer, whose shop in the High Street has plate-glass windows, and whose daughter copies the London copy of the Paris fashions. Now William Whiteham is a prudent citizen. As his new house was roomy, and his family small, he looked about for a lodger. At the same time the gentle Christopher was looking about for a lodging. Thus it came to pass that Clodthorpe, which already possessed a M.P. and a fire-engine, each of the newest fashion, became the home of a student. The town was not moved from its accustomed

calm by the coming of this contemplative person. Even the grocer's household were but slightly ruffled. All the attention which the father of the family could spare from his cheeses was given to his duty as a volunteer. The daughter scarcely looked up from her music when the young man went by. The mother, who spoke much of the increase of work, which she thoroughly enjoyed, soon absorbed her new charge, cooked for him, washed for him, mended for him, and did for him in every way. It was her care to see that he ate his meals and kept his health; and the manner of his life was the result of a compromise between his tastes and her theories. This manner of life, when it was wholly formed, was as follows: At half-past seven, Jemima, maid of all work which her mistress would resign, knocked at the student's door. At eight the attentive ear might hear him in his bath. Half an hour later he went down-stairs from his little bedroom to his little sitting-room, which was directly beneath it, and on the ground-floor. Both rooms looked into the yard. After a short pause the lady of the house bustled across the passage with a tray, and asked after his health, while she arranged the coffee and the dish of bacon on a spotless cloth. She believed in coffee, and he could not breakfast without bacon. At half-past nine he was seated by his open window, and smoking a mild pipe. Very soon an exciting incident occurred. It happened every morning, but was always the event of the day. First one of those wide green gates, which in former days let in the cows, returning heavy from pasture, was opened a little way, and a little girl slipped through. She was sent forth by a most careful mother with a little slip of something neatly bound about her shoulders, and her hair hanging in stiff curls; but when she met the student's eye, she had shaken her light locks into a tangle, held her hat by one string, and the nameless fragment by one corner. She was the naughty girl of the school; and the virtue of punctuality, which she had unexpectedly developed, had no surer foundation than a fancy for white sugar. Every morning, when she saw Christopher smoking blandly at his window, she made a face, then giggled, then went up sideways towards him, ever and anon veiling her modesty behind a grimace. He on his side was very calm and still, and spake never a word. Only, when after many pauses and contortions she had drawn near, and the little hand came pushing out

sideways in a furtive manner, he placed in it the largest lump and smiled. They understood each other, and there was no need for words. When she had hold of the reward of virtue the naughty girl vanished with a directness of movement wholly unlike the previous gyrations; and presently all her small schoolfellows poured into the yard, good, bad, and indifferent, prim, slipshod, or gaudy. Small bits of cheap ribbon and skim capes, suggestive of the previous existence of much larger garments, were so common as to be scarcely worthy the observation of an intellectual gentleman. And yet morning after morning, the student whose ability was undoubted, gazed on that irregular procession with unflagging interest. When the stream of girls had been some time in motion, the green gate opened wider, and a young lady walked through the yard, and entered the schoolroom. When she had passed, Christopher left his chair, and put away his pipe. He took down books and papers, and began to read. At twelve he was interrupted. The schoolgirls were turned out for ten minutes, and their favourite pastime, which had been invented by the naughty girl, was to peep round the edge of the lodger's window, until they met his eye, when they hopped off with shrieks of laughter. Such was the sport of the younger children. The elders danced stiffly in a ring, or tossed a ball, which was never caught. The naughty one abandoned herself to riot with a reckless disregard of appearances; but for the most part the children hopped or tossed with a painfully evident regard for their silk scraps and bobtails. The play of even the smallest girls is too often constrained by a premature self-respect. Such thoughts as these often passed through the mind of the profound observer of these harmless games; but nevertheless he smiled on all alike. Sometimes the schoolmistress stood in the doorway, by which a jasmine grew, and watched the children for a few minutes before she called them to work. On these occasions the student peeped at her very cautiously, lest he should drive her in. After this interruption he was apt to be restless over his book. He fingered the paper-knife, and even bit the end. He stared at the ceiling. Sometimes he rose and paced the apartment, which was perhaps twelve feet square. Seldom had one o'clock sounded from the old church-tower, ere he had pulled out a heap of papers of divers shapes and colours, and sharpened his pencil. This was the great unpub-



lished tragedy: this was the student's secret. To the outer world, including the junior partner in an ambitious firm of publishers, he was a graceful scholar, and an able philologist. He and he alone knew that he was a dramatist. He and he alone might view with tender eye the child of his imagination, the drama eminently Shakespearian, which he read and recited to himself, which he altered and loved. In what gorgeous scenes he moved! With what cloth-of-gold and blare of trumpets did he adorn his phantom folk! His narrow walls expanded, his low ceiling rose, until he stood by the king's chair, or mingled with courtiers prepared to chase the deer. Ladies grave and gay passed through the ancient hall, or sat in bower at the tamber-frame. Here was a cavalier of more than Spanish gravity, there a first lord, witty and foppish as a Frenchman. Comic retainers, full of quaint conceits and quips exceeding whimsical, carried aloft the boar's head or the peacock. Passion, pride, revenge, gaiety, extravagance, and love, breathed in the measured line. An amount of labour was expended in the effort to make this drama truly Shakespearian, which would have vastly amazed the simple actor, who charmed his jolly townsmen at the Globe. As the author pored over the pages, touching and re-touching, polishing or roughening, the cat Hobbes, curled in her favourite chair, smiled on him with affection and contempt. When Mrs. Whiteham, followed by the faithful *Jemima*, descended on the apartment at two o'clock, bearing the dramatist's simple dinner, the peacock and boar hurried out by the window. Princes, conspirators, and prelates, men-at-arms, servitors, and knaves, fled from the shrunken room. So may Sir Walter Raleigh be driven out by his own potato. Christopher dined at two, partly because his landlady approved of an early dinner, partly because he liked to spend the long summer evenings in the air. At half-past three the student returned from a stroll in the yard, or down the shady road which leads riverward, and went again to his books. Some two hours later he meditated over a tea-pot and loaf, while the cat Hobbes, with an ecstatic quiver of the tail, enjoyed a saucer of milk. Then he prepared for action. Sometimes he took a long walk among the fertile hills, following the narrow path through the wheat, listening to the mower in the grass, crossing the tiny brook by the plank. More often he scullled against the pleasant Thames. That most winsome river runs

not half a mile from the good town of Clodthorpe, and the road which leads thereto from Colthurst farm is still lined by splendid elms. If he felt that he had done something in the day the student, sweeping with long strokes up the stream, enjoyed a profound content, which Hobbes herself, dozing at home and dreaming of the morrow's milk, might envy. From hay harvest to wheat harvest the days slip by, and the river is always friendly, always harmless, fresh for the early bather, and cool for the legs of heated cattle. Sometimes, as the sculler passed in the evening, a little breeze, waking after the slumber of the long hot day, made the wheat murmur and the stream ripple against the boat's side. When he had enough of steady journeying, Christopher used to lie in some shy back-water, where the rare kingfisher may still be seen, a flash of blended colours; or tied his boat to some dwarf shrub at the pasture's edge, and watched the river swell across the weir. As the sun moved down the sky, shadows of the wooded slopes lay across the rich land, the babble of the river grew more drowsy, and a hum of voices came harmonized from some far-off village, as of a simple people chanting together their evening hymn. Thus, on some Saturday night, did distance and the power of the time transform the rare remarks of happy husbandmen swilling thick beer at the pot-house into part of the chorus of praise. O fortunate labourers, if they did but know their own advantages! The season of harvest wages is at hand, of more plentiful liquor; and the winter and the workhouse are alike far off. Moreover, they swell the pleasant sound in the ears of one gentle creature, whose ale is of the mildest. The student with beatified countenance lets slip his boat, and floating down the darkening stream, gives himself to tender thoughts. The great folk of his tragedy do not intrude upon that quiet hour; but sometimes two grey eyes look from the shadows, and the lisping of the waters is lost in the low voice which calls the children from their play. A light supper is the last event of the day. After that meal the book and easy-chair detain their master until Mrs. Whiteham at last succeeds in sending him to bed. Thus the days go by, like a procession of sisters bearing summer gifts to Demeter. Each, as she passes, lays a cool hand on the student's brow, and smooths the sleek fur on the back of the cat Hobbes. But alas! what quiet is secure for cat or man? One evening as

Christopher sipped his tea, and his companion lapped her milk, the green gates were burst open, quick steps scrunched the gravel of the yard, and there appeared at the window the animated and half-defiant countenance of Martin Carter.

## II.

WHERE Martin Carter was there might be pleasure, there could not be rest. He had been visiting that college of Oxford, where he had but lately lived as an undergraduate; and in the common-room of dons, whom he had favoured with information on subjects ranging from the Aryan worship of our ancestors to the art of rattling, there was an universal though unacknowledged feeling of relief at his abrupt departure. Yet they all liked him, save only when he had roused the spirit of opposition latent even in young dons. Calm and cultured as they were, and supremely cautious in advancing the least deniable statements, there was not one of them who had not contradicted Martin Carter directly and even rudely. Now rudeness is the one sin not to be pardoned by intellectual Oxford, and the presence of this terrible temptation was the cause of great uneasiness, while the remorse after an ebullition was almost too poignant to be borne. These collegians felt the pricking of their hair shirts, when their friend passed by. They had seen Christopher drift away from the classic air with affection and pity: they shook off Martin with affection and relief.

The student welcomed his friend with a smile of pleasure and a sigh for his lost solitude. When Mr. Carter had enlarged upon the true method of making tea, and had finished the bread and butter, he suddenly grew hot at the thought of the river, swept Christopher to the bank, chose a boat and the stroke seat therein, and set to work with such zeal that in a moment they were hard aground. The evening's row was terrific, for the student, ever anxious to please, laboured like a slave at the oar, and the small craft flashed up the stream until it was time to dash down again. Nothing worthy of note occurred during supper-time. Afterwards, when Christopher felt more calm and had recovered his breath, he was entertained by many observations on things in general, and by some scathing criticisms on Oxford characters. "I can't stand those young dons," said Martin; "they all talk like a literary newspaper." When he had wished his friend good-night, he came

back for a last remark. "Look here," he said; "I came off in such a hurry that I brought nothing but a toothbrush. I suppose you can lend me some things." Christopher sleepily consented, and Martin, sweeping up an armful of clothes, retired to that repose which his friends believed impossible.

The next day was full of events. After breakfast, during which meal the newcomer, arrayed in borrowed plumes, had conducted a fiery attack on modern liberalism and the policy of *laissez faire*, Christopher went up-stairs to find a new pipe for his friend's use, and during a somewhat long search in the bed-room, a revolution was effected in the parlour. He paused in the doorway very shy and open-mouthed in amazement. On the hearthrug supremely happy sat the naughty girl. Her left hand grasped firmly a large slice of bread and jam, her right a cup of milk, while a saucer of the same harmless liquid solaced the cat Hobbes, who sat smiling at her side. Opposite to the forward child, astride on his chair and very straight in the back, sat Martin Carter. He was asking short questions and making long comments on the answers. The student, after an awkward pause of doubt, advanced into the room, and gravely touched the little hand which held the cup. Then without a word he turned to the window and began to collect his thoughts. The infant stream was flowing by, and long before he had recovered his wonted calm he was disturbed again by the consciousness of his unusual prominence. His friend saw him blush, and jumped up just in time to see a young lady of much sweetness and simplicity pass into the schoolroom. "By George, sir," he cried, "that is the most charming girl I ever saw in my life!" "That is our schoolmistress," observed the naughty girl, peeping between the men, and with her mouth full of the last piece of bread and jam. "You be off!" cried Martin, and hustled her out. But the child would not allow a good custom to be destroyed by a chance windfall. Careful to prevent a precedent of omission, she appeared at the window as soon as she was thrust from the door. She looked at her old friend with a roguish eye, and held out a hand yet sticky with his favourite jam. On this adhesive palm the student, who was also fond of habits, placed a lump of sugar. "That is the most extraordinary child I ever saw," said Martin. "She explained the whole school system of this town to me in two

words. I never knew anything like it,—never!”

It was very hard for the gentle scholar to settle down to his work that morning. Martin pulled out half-a-dozen of his books and read discursively. Snorts of protest broke the silence of the room, contemptuous whistles, occasional exclamations of rage and hate. At last, roused to uncontrollable fury by the pompous decasyllables under which a modern philosopher veiled the plainest statement from the vulgar, he flung down the book and jumped through the window. Christopher looked up with mild surprise, and Hobbes sprang astonished on to the bookcase. During the stay of so uncertain a visitor the great drama remained under lock and key, and Martin returning found his friend still occupied with the pedigree of that important word to which he had devoted the morning. Provoked by this fact, the impulsive youth turned his back and drummed on the window-frame. At two the school-mistress passed on her way home. Martin looked at her with respectful but undisguised admiration; Christopher peeped furtively round him.

“Do you know her?” asked the former suddenly.

“No,” answered the other doubtfully. “I suppose I don’t.” He felt uneasy, and wondered why. His friend had brought the morning paper, and finding that the Commons were on the point of passing a paternal act, he improved the hour of dinner by a bitter onslaught on government interference with the liberty of the subject. Christopher, who was thinking of other things, said but little, and so increased his reputation with the ingenious Mr. Carter, who, in London, had been often heard to declare that he knew a man at Clodthorpe who was undoubtedly the first scholar and most promising philologist in the world. Nevertheless, during his visit to this prodigy, he showed no unconquerable desire for instruction.

That evening, when the two young men were on their way to the river, a strange thing happened. As they drew near to the great green gates, one of them was pushed lightly open, and the young school-mistress appeared. Perhaps it was embarrassment which caused her to stumble on the threshold. Christopher blushed, swaying forward with the desire of help and backward with the fear of offence, but, while he swung like a disconcerted pendulum, Mr. Carter darted forward with a somewhat excessive show of alarm, and caught the little hand in the neat worn

glove. “I hope you are not hurt,” he said anxiously: then, as she smiled her thanks, he went on boldly — “I did not know that we might have the pleasure of meeting you at this time.”

“I had forgotten something,” said the little lady with a little blush.

“Can I be of any service?” asked he.

“Oh, no, thank you; I won’t trouble you,” answered she.

And so these young folk became known to each other. Then a brilliant idea occurred to the impulsive youth. “I wanted to ask you a favour,” he said. “The fact is that I am vastly interested in education. Might I see the working of your school, and—in fact ask the girls a few questions?” He saw her hesitate, and stepped lightly from imposture to falsehood. “I have heard of your school from my friend here, and came down on purpose to see it.” Christopher turned scarlet, as the young lady looked at him. He gasped in the presence of this tremendous statement. “I—I”—he began. “Precisely,” continued Martin: “he has not seen it himself, but has heard much of it from Mrs. Whitewhatsurname—his landlady, you know.” Now this small teacher was not free from pride; she believed in her system, and thought it possible that the great minds of the metropolis were occupied among graver matters with the consideration of her school. She therefore informed the volunteer inspector with infinite condescension, that she would be happy to receive him on the morrow at noon.

“How could you say that you came to see her school?” asked Christopher, as they went down the shady road. “Diplomacy!” cried the other curtly. “It is very like lying,” muttered the student. Martin was terribly vigorous on the river, perhaps doing penance. There was an absence of dash about Christopher.

### III.

THE next morning at breakfast Mr. Carter entertained his friend by a passionate eulogy on the English Church. “By George, sir!” he exclaimed, in the course of his remarks, “we call ourselves enlightened, and talk rational religion, like the wretched prigs we are. Why, there is not a fellow going about in a high waistcoat who is not worth the whole pack of us. Look at their charity and their energy!” The cat Hobbes, who hated enthusiasm, turned on the rug and looked the other way. Christopher made no defence. Indeed, he spoke but little, having an uneasy

feeling that his friend was watching him, even when he expressed agreement, eager as a terrier and ready to be at him again, when his last word was half-uttered. Martin had a look which said as plainly as speech, "Yes, yes, precisely; only do let me go on." But if the student was silent on this occasion, he thought the more, and it did not escape him that he was confronted by his own best suit of clothes. For some reason it was annoying that his new waistcoat should assist at the examination of the schoolgirls. His guest had abandoned all hope of his portmanteau, boldly expressing his belief that the venerable and benevolent head of his college, who was suspected of a well-regulated sympathy with communism, had appropriated the garments. The student's work was much interrupted on this eventful morning — partly by his own perverse imagination, which pictured to him the scene so soon to be enacted in the school-room; partly by the growing uneasiness of the examiner, who, as the hour approached, lashed himself into a fever of excitement, until he ramped round the room like a caged lion. At last the dreaded moment arrived. The playful children after their brief holiday had been again gathered into the room. Martin, with an air of defiance almost piratical, but with heart beating under Christopher's waistcoat twice as fast as heart had ever beaten there before, crossed the yard to the doorway, where the little teacher awaited him with admirable self-control. The student, peeping shyly from the window, saw a pretty picture framed in oak. In honour of the occasion, or on account of the heat, the young lady, in whose face primness was made pleasant by humour, had donned a white gown, which fell in unadorned purity from her firm round chin to her small feet. The sun, pushing lazily through a neighbouring elm, relieved this almost affected simplicity by a fanciful pattern of light shadows. Her wide hat, which for all its Quaker-like demureness was not unbecoming, had been laid aside, and the brown hair which rippled in defiance of a puritanical brush was touched by the broken light to gold. Prim but pretty, shy but confident in herself, a little angel of Fra Angelico made woman by the pencil of Raphael, a kitten who would wet her feet on a charitable errand, she was careful to keep her petticoats from mud and her soul from sin. With a respect for the Church of England before the Reformation, and a taste for pretty symbols as an aid to devotion,

she combined the personal simplicity of a Quaker, and such breadth of religious sympathy, that she could discern the germs of faith in the quaint observances of a cannibal. Had there been more to know, there had been more to praise her. Yet to paint such a lily were to spoil her: the violet has its own sweet perfume, and some gold is refined though far away from London. She was a good girl, as all men and many women would allow. She was not occupied with these thoughts of herself, as she greeted the examiner with a frank smile, which raised his courage, and a keen glance, which sent it into his boots and made his feet waver. Mr. Carter was surprised and maddened by his own cowardice. In the effort to subdue his panic he glared upon the assembled girls with a glare so awful, that the smallest one burst into loud lamentations and had to be walked about outside by her sister. The examiner, who was not encouraged by this success, grew pale as he found himself confronted by a long row of the older pupils, who were ready to answer historical questions. The difficult thing was to ask them. A young man may be bold, but a new experience combined with a consciousness of imposture will loosen the stiffest knees. Fragments of botany, geology, geography, philology, physiology, psychology, and several sciences of more recent date, crowded confusedly into the mind of the adventurous youth. As for history, the only thing he could think of was the statement of some bold thinker, that it was better to know the history of a piece of chalk than that of the entire human race. Ages seemed to elapse, and then, painfully conscious of the eyes of the schoolmistress, he gasped out the question, "Who was Alexander?" "Please, sir, a coppersmith," said the first girl. "Oh no, he was not," cried the examiner, much elated. "She means Alexander the coppersmith," whispered the young lady, and added hastily, "They don't do ancient history." "Oh! ah! exactly," assented the unhappy youth, and on the inspiration of the moment blurted out, "Who was Magna Charta?" There was a titter from the three head girls, which set the whole school laughing. Martin shuddered. It seemed to him that no event worthy of note had happened since the battle of Arbela. He derived a dismal consolation from the thought that his shame would be probably forgotten some time in the next century. The schoolmistress looked at him strangely. This girl, who had seemed so slight a thing



when she stumbled in the yard, was truly awful in her own demesne. His eye wandered down the row of girls, as he strove to shape a question, and wondered how it would sound. Then an awful thing happened. As his glance rested on the last girl of the line, and he was about to speak, a voice proceeding from a distant corner broke the stillness of the room. Fearfully distinct, uttered in his own tone and with his own manner, these words sounded in his ear,—“By George, sir, that is the most charming girl I ever saw in my life!” A pause of astonishment was followed by a burst of laughter from the whole school. Quick as lightning the teacher summoned the delinquent, who even from the corner of punishment had committed a new offence. But Martin dared not face the naughty one. If she should explain her words! He muttered something about the heat, pardon, sunstroke, and dashed at the door. But his agony was not yet at an end. On the threshold he ran against the tall figure of a man, who was stooping in the doorway, and fell feebly against the wall. “I beg ten thousand pardons,” said the new comer with a courteous motion of the hands, and a voice soft but studiously distinct. It spoke with a careful pronunciation of each syllable like an accomplished foreigner. Indeed the Rev. Giles Warner prided himself on his resemblance to a French priest of the best type, and his incisive speech was not only effective in the pulpit, but in admirable harmony with his dark thin face and the deep blue of his shorn cheek and chin. In spite of his extreme urbanity, there was a twinkle in his deep-set eye, as he looked at the embarrassed youth, and quickly suppressed admonition in the glance which he turned on the young teacher. That lady caught the fleeting expression, and resented it. She therefore advanced with surprising friendliness to the baffled examiner, and astonished him by her thanks for his good intentions, and her hopes for his speedy recovery. He replied by a look sufficiently comical, which was meant to express abject humility and boundless gratitude. Then he got out of the place, and did not pause until he was under lock and key in his own bedroom. For half an hour he gave himself up to sorrow and shame. Then other thoughts gradually crept in, each link of the chain brighter than the last. Perhaps the naughty girl would not be questioned about her mysterious observation. If she were questioned, she would not be believed. If she were believed—why (here he took a

bold leap), so much the better! No woman could be really angry with a man for saying that she was charming. She would blush, declare to herself that she was furious, and smile. He could see her smile. (Here he lapsed into a dream of her excellence.) She had been kind to him. She certainly liked him. Perhaps she would learn to love him. She loved him. Here Christopher called him to dinner, and he descended full of confidence. Indeed, he strutted before his friend like a victorious bantam, or a heroic tenor who has donned the basso's gown to gain admittance to the light soprano. He did not describe the examination in detail, but talked fluently on subjects of more general interest. Only when Christopher spoke of the appearance of the High-Church parson in their quiet yard, did he show signs of care. He could not disguise from himself the danger which threatened not only Clodthorpe, but England, he might say Europe, nay, the world. Every part of the Continent was undermined by Jesuit plots, and the High-Church party in this country were ignorantly and pitifully playing the game of Rome. “Don't talk to me, sir,” he cried to the student, whose mouth was full of mutton, “about the progress of liberal ideas. We shall talk our twopenny toleration until we wake up in the Vatican. Before the end of the century every government in both hemispheres will be but viceroys of the pope, and we, whom the sea might keep apart, will be drawn to his chair at the skirts of these long-coated ritualists.” If Martin took a melancholy view of the prospects of mankind at dinner-time, it was bright to the doom which he foresaw a few hours later. He declined to go on the water, and Christopher, floating on the stream, surrendered himself to meditation, which was melancholy but not unpleasant. When his slow feet brought him back though the deepening gloom to the green gates, he found his friend nursing a fury by the wayside. Seized by the coat and dragged into the yard, he was confronted by this wild young man, who hissed in his ear, “What do you think? That girl—that charming girl—is a member of a sisterhood!” The rage and scorn with which he emphasized the obnoxious word were awful.

“I knew it,” said Christopher, meekly.

“Then I give you up,” cried Martin, and, suiting the action to the word, he dashed into his friend's room, flung himself into his chair, and sat on his cat. The cat Hobbes, who was awakened from a



delicious dream of cream, dashed out with an amazing splutter. During the sojourn of this excited stranger her life was a series of rude shocks. She was partly consoled by the appearance of supper. It was a supper good for cats and men. Under its benign influence the world grew brighter. When it had vanished, and the drowsy perfume of fresh tobacco was stealing through the room, the troubled spirit of Mr. Carter was soothed. After much silent smoking, he broke the meditation of his friend by observing that after all there was something beautiful in the association of gentle women for good works. This led to some remarks on the religion of women, and its excellence when it nourished a wide human sympathy instead of an unnatural celibacy.

"It is," he said, "in a Protestant nunnery that a sufferer may find the kindest sister, a worker the most helpful wife."

As the two young men were going upstairs to bed, Martin suddenly grasped Christopher by the hand, wrung it to the verge of pain, and cried, "My dear fellow, you don't know what I owe you!"

"No, I don't," said the other, almost moodily.

"I feel as if it would be all right," proclaimed the enthusiast, with flashing eyes; "I can't tell why. I felt almost melancholy this afternoon. It is rather inconsistent."

This was one of his rare moments of illumination. When this impatient spirit had long been lulled to rest, Christopher still sat by his window looking at the stars.

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From All The Year Round.  
OLD Q.

FACING the Green Park, and only a few doors from Park-lane, is to be seen a remarkable porch, consisting of two tall pillars, without the usual steps, perched upon what looks like a small coach-house, or the entrance to a wine-vault. This mansion belongs to a well-known nobleman, and the arrangement was made about seventy years ago, to suit the infirmities of a disreputable old patrician, who, seated in his chair, was let down by machinery from the high level of his parlour to the street. It was, in fact, "old Q." himself, whom some London old gentlemen may still recollect.

"Old Q." was the last Duke of Queensberry, and it may be added, the last of the frightful old *roués*, whose aim seemed

to be to scandalize both heaven and earth by their excesses—the coterie that enjoyed "Hellfire Clubs" and "Medmenham Abbeys," that "had to go to Paris" to get a waistcoat fit to put on, and who brought back a couple of dozen copies of Crébillon's newest romance for sale among friends. He was of the set that included Wilkes, Sandwich, Hall Stevenson, Gilly Williams, Hanger, Barrymore, and a host of others.

It is recorded that even when a school-boy (he was born in 1725) he was "distinguished by his escapades in the capital," such was the pleasant newspaper phrase. Lord March, the title "old Q." then bore, soon became conspicuous in the town. He was a spirited, clever young man, with an extraordinary store of vivacity; and certainly it must be said that in writing a letter the *roués* of his times excelled. The letters of the fast young men of our day are conspicuous for a halting, feeble style, and the roundabout "flabbiness" that is found in such documents contrasts unfavourably with the good English, straightforwardness, liveliness, and even wit, of the epistles of Lord March, Williams, Storer, and Lord Carlisle. Such, however, does not compensate for the scandal these gentry occasioned, but which were thus extenuated by the prints of the day. "The situation of a young nobleman, when he first starts in life, may be said to be peculiarly painful, for being brought up to no useful or honourable profession, occupations of a more gay and volatile nature frequently engross his attention." Of such a kind were these fantastic wagers, which made us doubt whether the wagerers were so much "volatile" as weak in their heads. One of these made quite a reputation for his lordship, on account of the energy and anxiety he brought to bear on the result. He made a bet with an Irish gentleman that he would drive a carriage nineteen miles in an hour. The Irish gentleman, we are told, "was usually known by the appellation of Count O'Taaffe," in which, considering that he had no other name, there was nothing unusual. The wager arose out of a discussion at a sporting-meeting; and the question was thrown out as a sort of speculation by his lordship. As, however, he was considered one of the most knowing persons on the turf, and placed no reliance whatever upon jockeys, but trusted all to himself, it is probable that this was in the nature of what is called "a put-up thing." Preparations were accordingly made. Mr.

Wright, "that ingenious coach-maker" of Long-acre, was employed to construct a vehicle of extraordinary lightness; this he secured by making it of wood and whale-bone. The harness was formed of silk, instead of leather. The noble bettor practised for long before, four blood-horses being driven at this terrific speed; and during the process no fewer than seven horses fell victims to the severity of the training. During the practice, however, his lordship had the satisfaction of discovering that the feat was to be done.

On the 29th of August, 1750, the "event" came off, and having secured what was considered difficult enough in those days — two grooms who would not play booty, this curious match against time was run and won. In the window of that curious old print-shop, which is close to "Evans's" in Covent-garden, was lately hanging a contemporary print, representing the performance of the match. The carriage is there shown as a sort of "spider" arrangement, consisting of little more than a pole and the wheels. These last would have made an American manufacturer smile. Another memorable achievement was his match, in 1756, with a Scotch nobleman, when his lordship, "properly accoutred" in his velvet cap, red silken jacket, buck-skin breeches, and long spurs, not only backed his horse, but actually, to the apparent astonishment of the reporters, rode him.

Another of his wagers, which led to a suit at law, is often quoted in the courts. He had made a bet of five hundred guineas with a gentleman, as to whether a Mr. Pigot or Sir W. Codrington would die first. One of the lives having expired on the very morning of the wager, a nice point arose, which came before the courts, and was regularly tried. His opponent was a Mr. Pigot, probably the son or nephew of the subject of the wager; for these were the days when gentlemen of *ton* were "really obliged to cut their own fathers." Counsel for one side urged that, if it were the case of two horses, the death of one of the animals, before the event, vitiated the transaction. But the court and jury decided for Lord March.

His lordship was conspicuous for the number and success of his attachments, or, as the newspaper of his day stated it, "was not insensible, if we are to credit report, to female charms." The objects of his devotion were usually selected from the opera, and "the Zamperini" and "the Rena" contended for his patronage. A

more selfish, stingy, uninteresting fellow never existed than this "old Q." As he grew old and older, he grew more and more selfish, economized his pleasures warily, and became self-denying, so as to have more enjoyment, and not draw too extensively on his store of health and satisfaction, and thus succeeded in reaching a fine span of life.

The drollest thing in the world is that this proper nobleman should have kept a chaplain, who ventured to attack Mr. Wilkes for his irregularities; but, as might be expected, drew on himself a rough but very natural retort: "Many of the darts shot at the black gown of the priest glanced against the ermined robes of his noble patron."

After this episode, "old Q." comes on the scene again. His pleasures beginning somewhat to pall on him, when near seventy, he "rattled" on the first regency question, deserting his old master as though he wished to secure the favour of the young prince. On the sudden recovery of the king, he was dismissed from his office with ignominy, to the amusement and satisfaction of the court. There was, with all his faults, a thorough genuineness about this disreputable nobleman. He was perfectly candid. An old Lord Essex used to tell a story of his coming home betimes from a ball with the duke — both arrayed in their stars and decorations — and of some rustics bursting into a sort of horse-laugh at the sight. The duke said, simply, to his friend, at the same time tapping his stars, "What! have they found out this humbug at last?" He had magnificent seats in the country, which he never cared to visit, and a pretty villa at Richmond, to which the pious Mr. Wilberforce was once invited, and where he heard his host exclaim with an admirable candour — "I can't see what they admire in this river. There it goes, flow, flow, all day long." This Richmond house was fitted up "in a style of superb elegance." He was willing to occupy it, and occasionally give the favour of his countenance and patronage to the place; but his connection with it was severed, owing to a reason which is thus gravely unfolded. He lived there "till the folly of the inhabitants, by making a vexatious claim to a few yards of ground, which, unconscious of any fraudulent right, he had taken into his enclosure," determined him to quit a place where he considered himself grossly insulted. These are literally the terms in which the papers speak of this cool proceeding of the man who had taken ground

that did not belong to him, and of whom the inhabitants were, no doubt, glad to be rid. The predominant feature of his character was "to do what he liked without caring who was pleased or displeased with it" — a simple and agreeable rule of life.

As years passed on, and the sight of one eye gone, there was left to him the pastime of sitting in a cane chair, in his balcony, a parasol held over his head, in his bow-window at Piccadilly, "an emaciated libel on manhood," says one, who had seen him there, ogling the ladies of all degrees who passed by, and a groom ready mounted, "Jack Radford" by name, waiting below to ride after such friend or acquaintance as the duke recognized. In the afternoon, he was to be seen tottering down the little iron staircase to his *vis-à-vis* — a dark green vehicle, with long-tailed, black horses. During winter he carried a muff; two servants sat in the rumble; while the indispensable Jack Radford rode behind. A buck of fifty years ago recalled him as "a little sharp-looking man, very irritable, who swore like ten thousand troopers." There was indeed a suggestion of Voltaire's face. Still, we are told that "viewed from behind," he appeared surprisingly youthful — a rather ambiguous compliment.

There was a strange mystery connected with the arts employed by the old sybarite to detain life within that shrivelled case. A physician enjoyed an annuity of five hundred a year for the duke's life, with the understanding that nothing was to be expected after death, — a truly artful arrangement. But he did not rest on the arts of legitimate pharmacy. A French quack, named Père Elisée, was in his grace's service, whose duty it was to compound strange drugs, supposed to have an elixir-like virtue, and to supply the vital power that was departing. At one time a rumour was rife in London that the aged duke was in the habit of taking milk baths!

Thus the old fellow wagged on, now becoming deaf of one ear, now blind of an eye, now supplying its place with a glass one: a perfect ruin, but still preserving what were called his "elegant manners." At last, when eighty-five years old, and in the year 1810, this selfish and uninteresting specimen of an old epicurean was to be called away from his three superb "places," his hoarded wealth, and his pleasures, having, as his friend Sir Nathaniel declared, determined to enjoy the remnant of his life, "being as ardent for pleasure at eighty as he was at twenty."

in which laudable frame of mind death overtook him.

His testament was found to be a curious document, consisting of a will formally executed, and no fewer than twenty-five codicils, more irregularly drawn. His ready money was found to amount to nearly a million sterling, and the disposition of it caused a universal flutter. Lord and Lady Yarmouth inherited all the estates by his will — a disposition revoked in the codicils, and reduced to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in cash. Lord Yarmouth, a friend of the Prince of Wales, was known to his friends, from the peculiar tint of his whiskers, as "Red Herrings;" while his wife was the well-known heroine of George Selwyn's insane devotion.

This would open up one of the most curious histories. Uninteresting himself, "old Q." had become associated with a curious and interesting little episode, which formed at one time amusement and speculation for the fashionable London coteries. An Italian marchioness, of good family and connections, Madame Fagniani, had come to London about the year 1770, and had gone out in society. Among her friends and admirers were Lord March and Mr. George Selwyn. The whole is one of the absurd chapters in the history of human folly; but her little girl became, first, heiress to Mr. Selwyn, and then, as Lady Yarmouth, became legatee of "old Q."

A vast number of his friends were left either ten thousand or five hundred a year. Three French ladies received a thousand pounds apiece, with which they were, no doubt, but ill-contented. Some of the other legacies were marked by a strange oddity: a Mrs. Brown was allotted an annuity of only five guineas a year; while Jack Radford, his well-known groom, received an annuity of two hundred pounds, together with all his horses and carriages. His steward, confectioner, and other important attendants, had each the same; the female servants were nearly all passed over. The wretched French compounder of mysterious drugs had five thousand pounds. The legacy duty on the whole was calculated at about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. But, strange to say, this old epicurean, who had been so profuse in his dispositions, passed over the apothecary who attended him until he was himself brought to the verge of the grave. He had attended him for seven weary years, had paid nine thousand three hundred and forty visits, besides sitting

up some seventeen hundred nights! Here was an amazing apothecary's bill; and such attendance on a millionaire merited reward. He claimed ten thousand pounds. The Yarmouths were just enough to admit it, and came forward at the trial to support him: and though the judge declared that an apothecary had no right to recover fees, the jury found for him to the amount of nearly eight thousand pounds. Unfortunately, all these splendid legacies belonged to the twenty-five codicils, written on sheets of note-paper and improperly prepared. This was to the advantage of the Yarmouths, who, indeed, would lose a legacy in specie, but received a vast estate. The only resource was chancery, and for six years the Jack Radfords and other humble annuitants were tortured with suspense, until at last the Yarmouths consented, on some certain shape of indemnity, that the legacies should be paid.

He was interred, rather inappropriately, under the communion-table of St. James's church. He was attended to the grave by his male servants only; the unremembered female servants, probably, not caring to attend. The heiress, who had been George Selwyn's pet and had sat on his knee, now more than a hundred years ago, lived until the year 1859, dying when nearly ninety years old.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
ROOKS.

OUR attention was first attracted to these birds on a bright sunny morning in the month of February, when they came by hundreds, and set up such an outbreak of "caws," that the most indifferent persons could not be unaware of their presence. The severe weather of winter had prevailed but a few days before, and I considered it was somewhat strange at the time that these birds could be looking for the spring season on so short a notice, so I watched their doings very attentively. It certainly appeared to me, after a while, that there was much more noise than work amongst our neighbours. Indeed, I could not discover that they did any work at all. Each rook shouted as loud as it could, and every shout awoke a hundred reverberations. Sometimes a large number would simultaneously set out on the wing, and make a flight of considerable circuit, and then return, and set up as loud a cawing as ever. Though, of course,

I knew that rooks are gregarious, I observed that there existed a statute of limitations amongst them. If some of the nests were built very near to each other, I saw, in other instances, that the sanctity of home was strictly guarded, and that only the proprietors themselves were allowed to come within what I judged to be a restricted number of feet. It struck me that all the hubbub that was made had reference to a settlement of old sites and new ones; some stood in their nests, and proclaimed as from so many rostrums, probably the continuous rights of property. It might be to save themselves the labour of building, that they pleaded the necessity of the first-comers being first served, though others who had no nests were equally uproarious. Be that as it may, such a maxim was not favoured by the republican law of rooks, for if ever a bold and rebellious young couple sought to take possession of a nest by force—it might be the one in which they themselves were reared, and therefore the property of their own parents—they were invariably overpowered by numbers, and ignominiously expelled. Neither are any of the community allowed to become separatists, for if, in a sulky mood, these youngsters shewed signs of such intention, punishment would follow. It may therefore be readily imagined that the building-stances are regulated by fixed principles.

We all know that bright February days are generally followed by north-easterly blasts, of which there is an old adage that "they are good for neither man nor beast," and, most certainly, they are not calculated to excite any merriment in the rookery. The birds sit in silence on the branches, swayed by the force of the wind, and have the appearance of being uncomfortable to the last degree. I have occasionally thought that they felt ashamed of being deceived by the treachery of the weather. In a few hours they look as if they had grown prematurely old, and could never again take any interest in sublunary affairs.

About the first of March, however, if the weather be dry, and the wind not too boisterous, the work of building begins in earnest. The older birds have only to effect a few repairs, but the young ones have to begin from the foundation. On the sixth of that month, I observed a couple just making a start, and though there was a great deal of noise, the tone and manner of the birds were different. They did not appear to be shouting one to another, as before, but seemed to caw for

their own delectation and encouragement. At the end of the first day but little progress was made. No form of a nest was indicated by the few sticks that might have been carelessly thrown together. On the two following days the wind blew very hard, and all hands struck work. None was so adventurous as to attempt to carry on business. The day following, however, the storm subsided; and though the weather continued cold, the colony once more became the scene of noise and activity.

In the first stage of building, and even until the nest begins to assume a finished form, it is found necessary that one bird should remain on guard, whilst the other goes forth in search of building-materials. From very careful watching I have come to the conclusion that this is not done alternately by the male and female birds. The former does the work, not only of bringing home the sticks, twigs, and other requisites, but also of arranging them in order; whilst the lady's duty is to take care of the property already acquired. Occasionally, as if to assert her independence and equality with her husband, she will take to flight, either for food or exercise, or perhaps in her anxiety to hasten the progress of the building. It is during her absence that most of the depredations are committed. Such pilferings are managed in the most stealthy manner possible; the thief, which is generally a near neighbour, pretends to be very busy, and when she imagines that no one is looking on, will nip up a twig and apply it, as well as any other portion of the unprotected property, to her own purposes. I have never seen a theft committed openly, probably from the fear of exciting popular indignation.

The breaking off of twigs and sticks from the branches of trees must be very hard work. A rook may be often seen tugging away for half an hour before its purpose can be accomplished. During the two days' storm to which I alluded just now, a great quantity of what might appear, at first sight, to be useful material, was strewn on the ground, but the rooks never attempted to make any use of it. Probably they knew by instinct that what they gathered, themselves, from off the living trees was more sound and durable than such as was brought down by the wind. When carrying home the larger sticks, the birds often appear to be much exhausted with the labour, and in attempting to wend a somewhat intricate way amongst the branches, they not unfre-

quently lose their prize when within a few yards, or even feet, of their destination; still I could not make out that under such circumstances a rook ever descended for the purpose of recovering what it had lost. They seemed to bear their misfortunes in a philosophical manner, and set to forage again without delay. At the end of a week's work the nest I was especially watching began to assume its veritable form, the female was able to sit in it, but would hop out on the return of her partner, in order that he might the more conveniently continue the building or lining process. At a certain point the nest is supposed to have attained a legal settlement, after which both birds may leave home with impunity. In about a fortnight the dwelling is complete.

Up to this time, the entire colony leave the building-places at night and proceed to their roosting-quarters in a body, which are frequently some miles away, generally in an extensive wood, which affords shelter from the wind. It is interesting to observe that in their course the number of the flock is frequently increased, being joined by parties coming from different quarters, and falling in amicably together. A short time since I witnessed quite a different movement. A large company was flying in one direction, when suddenly they wheeled round, and went through what reminded me of a series of military evolutions. Presently, they divided into two bodies, and set off in different directions, the stragglers on both sides making all speed to join their own relatives. Had this happened at break of day, I could have accounted for the circumstance, seeing that the rooks—which of all birds are amongst the earliest astir—quit their night-quarters in large flocks, some of which diverge at certain points for the purpose of repairing to their several building-stations. As it took place in the evening, I looked upon it as somewhat peculiar, but I have since frequently seen the same thing.

As soon as the period of building is over, and the time for laying their eggs has come, the rooks take up their permanent quarters beside their nests. And now the female begins to display all the blandishments of coquetry, ruffling her feathers on her partner's approach, cawing at him fondly with outstretched neck, then striking him playfully with the tips of her extended wings. All this is followed by what many have mistaken for a battle-royal, when in reality it is quite the reverse. Though rooks do quarrel and fight occa-



sionally, their general disposition is more peaceful and amiable than they receive credit for. Their fighting propensities have been grossly exaggerated.

In a week or ten days they usually have four or five eggs in the nest, and then the process of incubation begins. During this time the male bird is most assiduous in the discharge of his domestic duties. He brings home abundant food for the use of his sitting mate, and occasionally takes her place in the nest, whilst she goes abroad, it may be for an airing. About the middle of April, the young birds may be heard giving utterance to a squeaking note, whilst the parents send forth a kind of gobbling sound. Their labours in bringing food for their young are unwearied, commencing with the first streak of dawn for the "early worm," and finishing only at nightfall. Sometimes they return from the fields singly, sometimes together, to their clamorous brood. And so the daily round of labour goes on until the young birds are "branchers," and the branchers have flown.

Rooks have their partiality and their aversion to certain classes of other birds. Jackdaws and starlings are free to visit the colony without fear of molestation, but not to build there. If a magpie, however, should put in an appearance, a great commotion would be the immediate consequence. I have seen the latter bird compelled to beat a retreat when followed by several black gentry, who assumed a very threatening attitude. On such occasions the pie is wont to give vent to what I interpreted to be very much like a torrent of abuse rebutted in a decidedly cursory manner. On one occasion in particular, my attention was attracted by this kind of controversy, so much so that my curiosity was aroused to discover, if possible, the cause. I soon found that an unfledged rook had accidentally, as I suppose, dropped from its nest, and was lying dead on the ground. This the magpie desired to remove, but however good its intention might be in a sanitary point of view, the strong prejudice of its opponents would not permit the thing to be done.

Rooks have frequently taken up their quarters amidst the bustle and constant traffic of public thoroughfares, apparently unconcerned about the passing and repassing of the crowd; but when their abode is situated in a remote district, they are extremely susceptible of the approach of strangers. Even the appearance of a

strange dog or cat is, in some cases, a sufficient cause for exciting a great noise and commotion; whilst those which belong to the place would attract no attention whatever.

In common with other kinds of birds, rooks will sometimes help themselves to fruit, newly sown corn, and the young tubers of potatoes; still the incalculable good they do in clearing the earth of grubs, so destructive to crops, is surely more than a compensation for such depredations.

The second or third week in May is usually considered the season for rook-shooting. At the first discharge of a gun, the old birds make off, or soar so high as to be beyond the reach of the shot. The young birds only remain, and aim should never be taken at them except when they are on the wing. It is not considered fair to bring down branchers, unless it be imperatively necessary to greatly thin their numbers; but the practice sometimes resorted to of killing them in the nest is one that deserves the utmost reprobation.

It is a mistake to suppose, as some have asserted, that when the young broods are reared, and are able to take care of themselves, the nests and rookery are deserted until the following year. It is true the whole company of birds do not constantly remain there, and some days, or even a week or two, may elapse without any such visitors being observed. At the same time, they may be seen in the neighbouring fields plying their beaks in the soil in comparative silence, or following the plough at a later period, for the purpose of picking up the grubs which have been turned up from their subterranean hiding-places. This desertion is not continued for a long period. A sudden visitation may take place at any time, and judging from the noise that is often made, the rooks on such occasions transact important business. At other times, and especially in the winter season, about a dozen birds may be seen busily occupied in the work of inspection; and I have been led to imagine they were a deputation of surveyors, authorized to look after and report on the condition of the general property. That they have any extraordinary prescience concerning the decay of trees, there is considerable reason for doubt; and that they have been so far affected by the removal of a family as to desert the locality, must be traced to the lively imagination of the poet.

From The Contemporary Review.  
A SERMON OF BUDDHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PALI VERSION OF THE SUTTA  
PIṬAKA.

THUS I have heard. On a certain day Buddha dwelt at Rājagaha in a grove called Veluvana. And the same day the young house-holder Sigāla rose early in the morning, and went forth from Rājagaha, and standing with wet hair and streaming garments, and clasped hands uplifted, worshipped the various quarters, the east, the south, the west, the north, the nadir, and the zenith. And Buddha rose early in the morning and put on his raiment, and taking his bowl and robe went to Rājagaha to seek alms. And the Blessed One beheld the young house-holder, as with streaming hair and garments and clasped hands uplifted he worshipped the various quarters, and beholding he thus addressed him:—

Wherefore, young man, dost thou rise betimes, and leaving Rājagaha, with wet hair and streaming garments dost worship the various quarters—the east quarter, the south, the west, and the north, the nadir and the zenith?

Master, my father when he lay on his death-bed said to me, My son, do thou worship the quarters. Honouring therefore my father's words, reverencing, revering, and holding them sacred, I rise early in the morning, and going forth from Rājagaha, with wet hair and streaming garments, and clasped hands uplifted, I worship the various quarters—the east, the south, the west, and the north, the nadir and the zenith.

Not thus, young man, should the six quarters be worshipped according to the teaching of holy sages.

How then, Master, should the six quarters be worshipped? May it please thee, Master, so to teach me thy truth that I may know how the six quarters should be worshipped according to the teaching of the holy sages.

Hear then, young man, give heed to my words and I will speak.

And the young householder Sigāla answered, Even so, Lord; and thus the Buddha spoke—

Young man, inasmuch as the holy disciple has forsaken the four polluting actions, inasmuch as he is uninfluenced by four evil states to commit sin, inasmuch as he eschews the six means of dissipating wealth, therefore freed from fourteen evils, and guarding the six quarters, he walks victorious over both worlds; for him this world is blest and the next also, and on

the dissolution of the body after death he is reborn in heavenly mansions.

What are the four polluting actions forsaken by him? The destruction of life is a polluting act, theft is a polluting act, impurity is a polluting act, lying is a polluting act—these four polluting actions are forsaken by him.

And what are the four evil states that tempt men to sin? Through partiality men commit sin, through anger men commit sin, through ignorance men commit sin, through fear men commit sin. But inasmuch as the holy disciple lives uninfluenced by partiality, or wrath, or folly, or fear, therefore these four evil states tempt him not to sin. Whoso from partiality, wrath, folly, or fear is tempted to pervert justice, his glory shall fade like the waning moon. But whoso untempted by these refrains from perverting justice, his glory shall be made full, like the glory of the increasing moon.

And what are the six means of dissipating wealth? Strong drink, young man, and theatre-going, and evil companions, and dicing, and wandering about the streets at night, and idleness—these six bring a man to poverty.

There are six evils, young man, in being addicted to strong drink—poverty, strife, disease, loss of character, shameless exposure of the person, and impaired faculties.

Six evils attend on him who wanders about the streets at night. His life is in danger, his wife and children are uncared for, his property is unguarded, he falls under the suspicion of frequenting places of evil resort, false rumours circulate concerning him, and sorrow and remorse follow in his train.

Six evils wait upon him who thirsts after worldly amusements. He is ever crying, Where is there dancing? where is there singing? where is there music? where recitation, where conjuring, where public shows?

Six evils wait upon the gambler. If he win, he begets hatred; if he lose, his heart is sorrowful. His substance is wasted, his word has no weight in a court of justice, his friends and his kinsmen despise him, and he is looked upon as ineligible for marriage—for men say, A gambler is unfit to support a wife.

Six evils attend on him who associates with bad companions. Every gambler, every libertine, every cheat, every rogue, every outlaw is his friend and companion.

Six evils attend upon the sluggard. He says it is too cold, and does not work; he

says it is too hot, and does not work; he says it is too early, and does not work; he says it is too late, and does not work; he says, I am hungry, and does not work; he says, I am full, and does not work; and while he thus lives ever neglecting his duties, he both fails to acquire new property, and that which he possesses dwindles away.

Some friends are only boon companions, some are hollow friends; the true friend is the friend in need.

Sleeping after the sun has risen, adultery, revenge, malevolence, evil communications, and avarice — these six things bring a man to ruin.

He who has sinful friends and sinful companions, who is devoted to sinful practices, the same is ruined in this world and the next.

Gambling, debauchery, dancing and singing, sleeping by day and wandering about at night, bad companions, and avarice — these six things bring a man to ruin.

Woe to the dicers, to them that drink strong drink, that go in unto their neighbour's wife: whoso follows wickedness and honours not the wise, he shall fade like the waning moon.

He that drinks strong drink is needy and destitute, ever thirsting with unquenchable thirst; he plunges into debt as one plunges into water, and will quickly bring his family to nothing.

He who sleeps by day and rises at night, who is ever full of whoredoms, is unfit to maintain a family.

Poverty overtakes him who says, 'Tis too cold, 'tis too hot, 'tis too late, and neglects his daily work; but he who, performing his manly duties, recks not a straw for heat or cold, his happiness shall not decay.

There are four, young man, who, seeming to be friends, are enemies in disguise — the rapacious friend, the man of much profession, the flatterer, and the dissolute companion.

In four ways the rapacious man may be known to be a false friend: he enriches himself at your expense; he expects much in return for little; he does what is right only under the impulse of fear; and he serves you from self-interested motives.

In four ways the man of much profession may be known to be a false friend: he boasts of what he meant to have done for you; he boasts of what he means to do for you; he is profuse in unprofitable compliments, but in the hour of need he protests his inability to serve you.

In four ways the flatterer may be known to be a false friend: he assents when you do wrong; he assents when you do right; he praises you to your face, and speaks ill of you behind your back.

In four ways the dissolute companion may be known to be a false friend: he is your friend if you follow after strong drink, if you wander about the streets at night; he is your companion in theatre-going, he is your companion in dicing.

The rapacious friend, the insincere friend, the friend who speaks only to please, and he who is a companion in vicious pleasures — recognizing these four to be false friends, the wise man flies far from them as he would from a road beset with danger.

These four, young man, are true friends — the watchful friend, the friend who is the same in prosperity and adversity, the friend who gives good advice, and the sympathizing friend.

In four ways the watchful friend may be known to be a true friend: he protects you when you are off your guard; he watches over your property when you are careless; he offers you an asylum in time of danger; and when work has to be done, he gives you the means of doubling your wealth.

In four ways the friend who is the same in prosperity and adversity may be known to be a true friend: he confides to you his own secrets; he faithfully keeps yours; he forsakes you not in trouble; and he will lay down his life for your sake.

In four ways the good counsellor may be known to be a true friend: he restrains you from vice; he exhorts you to virtue; he imparts instruction, and points the way to heaven.

In four ways the sympathizing friend may be known to be a true friend: he grieves over your misfortunes; he rejoices in your happiness; he restrains those who speak ill of you; he applauds those who speak well of you.

The watchful friend, the steadfast friend, the good counsellor, and the sympathizing friend — recognizing these four to be true friends, the wise man cleaves to them as the mother cleaves to her infant son.

The wise man, endowed with righteousness, shines like a flaming fire. He who gathers wealth as the bee gathers honey, his wealth shall accumulate as the ant's nest is built up; and with wealth thus acquired, he will bring no dishonour upon his family. Let him apportion his property into four, and so let him cement friendships. With one portion let him

maintain himself; with two let him carry on his business; the fourth let him treasure up; it will serve him in time of trouble.

But in what way does the disciple of holy sages guard the six quarters? Know, young man, that these are the six quarters. Parents are the east quarter, teachers are the south quarter, wife and children are the west quarter, friends and companions are the north quarter, spiritual pastors are the zenith, and servants and dependents are the nadir.

In five ways, young man, a son should minister to his parents, who are the east quarter. He should say, I will support them who have supported me, I will perform their duties, I will guard their possessions, I will make myself worthy to be their heir, and when they are gone I will pay honour to their memory. And in five ways the parents show their affection for their son. They keep him from vice, they train him in virtue, they provide him with a good education, they unite him to a suitable wife, and in due time make over to him the family heritage. And thus is the east quarter guarded and free from danger.

In five ways the pupil should honour his teachers, who are the south quarter. By rising in their presence, by ministering to them, by obeying them, by supplying their wants, and by attentively receiving their instruction. And in five ways the teachers show their affection for their pupil. They train him up in all that is good, they teach him to hold fast knowledge, they instruct him in science and lore, they speak well of him to his friends and companions, and protect him from danger in every quarter.

In five ways should the wife, who is the west quarter, be cherished by her husband. By treating her with respect, by treating her with kindness, by being faithful to her, by causing her to be honoured by others, and by furnishing her with suitable apparel. And in five ways the wife shows her affection for her husband. She orders her household aright, she is hospitable to kinsmen and friends, she is a chaste wife, a thrifty housekeeper, and skillful and diligent in all her duties.

In five ways should the honourable man minister to his friends and companions, who are in the north quarter. By liberality, courtesy, and benevolence, by doing to them as he would be done by, and by sharing with them his prosperity. And in five ways do they in their turn show their attachment for their friend. They

watch over him when he is off his guard, they watch over his property when he is careless, they offer him a refuge in danger, they forsake him not in misfortune, and show kindness to his family.

In five ways the master should provide for the welfare of his servants and dependents, who are the nadir. By apportioning work to them according to their powers, by supplying them with food and wages, by tending them in sickness, by sharing with them unusual delicacies, and by granting them occasional relaxation. And in five ways do they in return testify their affection for their master. They rise before him, and retire to rest after him, they are content with what is given them, they do their work thoroughly, and they speak well of their master.

In five ways should the honourable man minister to his spiritual masters who are the zenith. By friendly acts, by friendly words, by friendly thoughts, by giving them a ready welcome, and by supplying their temporal wants. And in six ways do they show their affection in return. They restrain him from vice, they exhort him to virtue, they are kindly affectioned towards him, they instruct him in religious truth, clear up his doubts, and point the way to heaven.

Parents are the east quarter, teachers are the south, wife and children are the west, friends and companions the north, servants and dependents are the nadir, the zenith are spiritual pastors; let a man worship these quarters, and he will bring no dishonour upon his family.

The wise man who loves a virtuous life, gentle and prudent, lowly and teachable—such a one shall be exalted. If he be resolute and diligent, unshaken in misfortune, persevering and wise, such a one shall be exalted. Benevolent, friendly, grateful, liberal, a guide, instructor, and trainer of men—such a one shall attain honour.

Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and towards all men—these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot. And when these qualities are wanting, neither father nor mother will receive honour and support from a son. And because wise men foster these qualities, therefore do they prosper and receive praise.

When Buddha had thus spoken the young householder Sigāla addressed him as follows:—It is wonderful, Master! it is wonderful, Master! 'Tis as if one should set up again that which is overthrown, or should reveal that which is

hidden, or should direct the wanderer into the right path, or hold out a lamp in the darkness — so that they that have eyes to see shall see. Yea, even thus has the Blessed Lord made known the truth to me in many a figure. And I, even I, do put my trust in thee, and in thy law and in thy church — receive me, Lord, as thy disciple and true believer from this time forth as long as life endures.

ROBERT C. CHILDERS.

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From The National Food and Fuel Reformer.  
FOOD IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

"DR. JOHNSON, the professor of medicine at King's College, in the course of a series of lectures, now being published in the *Lancet*, upon nervous disorders, recommends as an efficacious method of treatment, a total change of diet without the aid of medicine. No doubt there may be much favour in this mode of cure when the disordered condition of the nerves springs from purely physical causes; but where overwork, mental strain, grief, religious despondency, or *ennui* are concerned in the matter — where, in fact, the mind has acted on the body, not the body on the mind — there can be nothing like a total change of scene and surroundings. The nervous excitement from which the speculator suffers may occur from very opposite causes in the office-clerk. Half the nervous disorders of middle-class women are due to the monotony of their lives. It is obvious that without a change in the manner of living, both of the speculator and the clerk, no good could come of a change of diet. In cases of disordered nerves, arising from grief or a severe mental shock, the diet-cure would be of but slight avail; and in the saddest of all forms of nervous disorders, religious despondency, it would be useless. Grief, anxiety, and religious despondency, are best treated by change of scene, and by a total separation of the patient from all former surroundings. Grief and anxiety wear themselves out in course of time, and as they lessen so does the nervous condition improve. Religious despondency, on the other hand, is far less hopeful. One thing, however, must be remarked, that the persons most subject to religious despondency are idle, with little or no occupation for mind or body. In these good steady work would be of great service. Nervous disorders are of so many kinds, spring from so many causes,

and possess such an infinity of complications, that to lay down a uniform system of cure would be out of the question; but in any case, change of scene and surroundings, and change of occupation, are, doubtless, far more valuable aids than medicine."

The above paragraph appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Saturday, the 19th of February, and gives vivid evidence that scientific men are now becoming aware of the influence food has on human development. We have not yet read Professor Johnson's lectures, but the corroboration of an eminent medical man to our own views enhances their value. If a change of diet can cure nervous disorders, diet itself must have great influence on nervous development, and consequently on the mind. The article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* denies this, but the denial merely proceeds from an incomplete understanding of nervous action. The mind, as it is called, and the body are one, and can only act by the same laws; whether action proceeds from the nervous centres and is invisible, or from the muscular system, and is visible — it is the action produced by force generated within.

The German professor, Helmholtz, has lately brought the calculations of the force that has to be engendered within to our comprehension, and if such a force has to be maintained, it can only be done by nourishment or food. Food consists not only of organic vegetable and animal matter, but also of air and water, and therefore a change of air is often invigorating to the nervous system. Our ideas of the mind's work are still very confused, for all nervous action is produced by exertion or waste of force. Grief is nervous exertion; joy is nervous exertion; despondency is nervous exertion; every thought is nervous exertion, and all this exertion wants maintaining and feeding. Whenever exhaustion appears, or so-called nervous disorder, it is nothing else but the consequence of want of nourishment. Grief makes a greater claim on the nervous centres than joy, and it is exceedingly wrong to avoid food in grief. Despondency is nothing but the result of incomplete nutrition of the nerves, which give way under outward pressure; it is only necessary to be judicious and give good nourishment to desponding persons, such as will invigorate and prove of tonic value, and the nervous system will return to its natural elasticity. Despondency exhausts the nervous system greatly, for all thought is action, and desponding thought wastes



more force than joyous thought. Nervous diseases are the consequence of continued waste of nervous action and incomplete nutrition, and require nothing but judicious dietetic treatment. We have, at the outset of our movement, always maintained that all nervous disorders and so-called lunacy can be greatly affected by diet, and we maintain this now; healthy and judicious food moulds the character, and nourishes the brain.

But not only do we say that diets can relieve nervous disorders, but that the way in which we either strengthen or weaken our nervous system will largely influence the next generation, and on this point there can be no doubt we err greatly. Our social life, our industries, arts, sciences, our very instruction to our children, are daily becoming more absorbent of brain-power and exhaustive of the nervous system, and our food is, on the contrary, becoming poorer and less able to help us to maintain the strain. Nervous disorders and lunacy are increasing, and we are leaving to posterity a legacy for which it will not thank us; in fact, we have commenced an enfeebling process of the whole human system. We are shortening and vitiating that portion of food which consists in air; our water-supply is no longer of the healthiest and purest, and

our organic food-supply from vegetable and animal matter is being lessened, and by heat-processes impoverished to a remarkable degree. Culture of organic food-substances is not carried out for usefulness, but for size and show, it appears, and though something like a consciousness of the importance of food is dawning upon us in the cooking, the real bearings of the case — its scientific substratum and the all-powerful influence food has on bodily and mental development — are as yet little understood. Mind is separated from body in our ideas, when it is impossible to separate them, and when the mind must be fed as well as the body; of the two mental exertion exhausts the frame more than bodily, and if nervous exertion of whatever kind exceeds the limits of the strength at its disposal, it naturally affects also the health of the whole system. Nervous disorders can only proceed from one cause, exhaustion of the nervous system showing itself in various ways, and we are now on the highroad to their increase; this is perhaps the saddest phase in that disregard for the nourishing process of the human frame, in which we have allowed the decking out of our persons with finery to take precedence over the healthy maintenance of both mental and bodily power and strength.

**THE DATE OF EASTER.** — We revert to this subject with the view to reproduce the arithmetical rule to find Easter Sunday in the Gregorian calendar, which was first given by the eminent German mathematician and astronomer Gauss, in Zach's *Monatliche Correspondenz*, 1800.

1. From 1800 to 1899 put  $m = 23$ ,  $n = 4$ .  
" 1900 to 2099 "  $m = 24$ ,  $n = 5$ .
2. Divide the given year by 19, and call the remainder . . . . .  $a$ .
3. Divide the given year by 4, and call the remainder . . . . .  $b$ .
4. Divide the given year by 7, and call the remainder . . . . .  $c$ .
5. Add  $m$  to 19 times  $a$ , divide the sum by 30, and call the remainder . . . . .  $d$ .
6. Add together  $n$ , twice  $b$ , four times  $c$ , and six times  $d$ , divide the sum by 7, and call the remainder . . . . .  $e$ .

Then Easter Sunday is March  $22 + d + e$ , or  $d + e - 9$  of April.

To apply this rule to the present year, we have —

$$1. m = 23; n = 4.$$

$$2. \text{ For } \frac{1876}{19} \text{ remainder is } 14 \dots a.$$

$$3. \text{ For } \frac{1876}{4} \text{ remainder is } 0 \dots b.$$

$$4. \text{ For } \frac{1876}{7} \text{ remainder is } 0 \dots c.$$

$$5. \text{ For } \frac{23 + 19 \times 14}{30} \text{ remainder is } 19 \dots d.$$

$$6. \text{ For } \frac{4 + 0 + 0 + 6 \times 19}{7} \text{ remainder is } 6 \dots e.$$

And Easter Sunday is March  $22 + 19 + 6 =$  March 47 or April 16; or  $19 + 6 - 9$  of April = April 16.

**NOTE.** — The following are the two exceptions to the above rule: —

1. If Easter Sunday is brought out April 26, we must take April 19.

2. If Easter Sunday results on April 25 by the rule, the 18th must be substituted when the given year, increased by one, and then divided by 19, leaves a remainder greater than 11.

Nature.